McKean County Miner.

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YOUNG MAN MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT.

Ray Ostrander of Keating Township Seriously Injured Yesterday.

WAS WORKING IN THE WOODS

On a Job Near Carlson's Camp—Extent of His Injuries are at the Present Unknown.

Ray Ostrander, aged 25 years, a son of P. D. Ostrander of Keating township met with a serious accident yesterday morning, about 9:30 o'clock, while working on a chemical wood job near Carlson's camp, on E. K. Kane's tract, about two and one-half miles from Smethport.

He was engaged in what is known among woodsmen as "swamping," whereby a trail is cut through the brush down which logs are guided to the roads or slides. He had started a chain of logs down the steep hillside when one of them struck an old tree stub knocking it over. It is supposed that this stub struck Ostrander on the head and bore him to the ground, while the other logs jumped the trail some of them passing over the body of the fallen man.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander was quickly summoned and was soon on the scene. He made an examination of the victim, but was unable to positively determine the extent of his injuries. The patient was removed to his home and made as comfortable as possible.

In a conversation with the doctor this morning he stated that the young man had not fully regained consciousness since the accident. He was inclined to think there was no fracture of the skull, but that the patient was suffering from concussion of the brain. There were symptoms of internal injuries but, owing to the peculiar physical temperament of the young man, he was as yet unable to tell the exact nature of his injuries.

Important Glass Meeting.

The Smethport window glass manufacturers and members of the wage committee of the Amalgamated Glass Workers are holding a meeting here today and it is expected that before the end of the meeting they will come to an agreement and operations will be resumed under the Faulkner scale in both the Smethport factories.

During the past week several of the factories in the Mountain District have broken away from the Burns' organization and signed the Faulkner scale and there are strong indications that the Smethport manufacturers will get in line today.

When it was learned that some of the manufacturers were breaking away from the Burns' organization the American Window Glass Company forced the price of glass down to ninety and twenty-five per cent. off the list price and at this price no manufacturer can afford to pay the Faulkner scale, so we have been told by glass men who know, but we also understand that this is only done to scare those who are deserting Burns and that, as soon as the Burns' men see that this scheme will not work, the price of glass will advance to a reasonable figure again.

The result of this meeting this afternoon means much to the business men of Smethport and it is earnestly hoped that a satisfactory agreement will be reached and that operations will be resumed in both factories at an early date.

Caught in a Bear Trap.

One day last week while Almeron Lyman, of Hebron, was making his regular visits to the bear traps he had set in the vicinity of Potato creek, in McKean Co., he met with an accident which may cause his death. He was in the act of setting a trap from which he had put a short time before removed a large bear which had been caught the day previous. In some way after having the trap about set the lever slipped, allowing the huge jaws to come together on his right wrist, the teeth passing through that member. Mr. Lyman was taken to his home in Hebron in a very weak condition from loss of blood and severe pain. Dr. Aschraft was called and made the sufferer as comfortable a possible but owing to the foreign matter on the jaws of the trap, blood poison has set in and his condition is serious. —Potter Journal.

Our Congressman Will Entertain.

It gives me pleasure to inform my friends of Centre, Cameron, Clearfield and McKean counties that I will give a House Warming at my new residence in Bradford, on Thursday, October the 26th, 1905, and I cordially invite you all to be present.

As no personal invitations have been issued I hope that all who can will attend. Most sincerely yours,

S. R. Dresser.

Fair Grounds to be Improved.

The officers and stockholders of the McKean County Fair Association held a meeting Tuesday evening and transacted much important business, and if their plans are carried out, as they no doubt will be, McKean county will have in the future one of the largest and best fairs held in this State.

It was decided at this meeting to raise the capital stock of the association from $6,000, which was subscribed before operations were begun, to $12,000, thus giving those who did not originally take stock a chance to take some now.

This money will be used in enlarging the grand stand, building more buildings for horses and other stock and making many other improvements on the track and grounds, so that by another year they will have the best equipped and most convenient fair grounds and race track in this section of the State.

Most of the stockholders present expressed their willingness to take more stock and some of them have already subscribed for more, so it is very evident that they are of the opinion that this stock will pay dividends instead of being a donation for a good cause as most of the subscribers considered the original taking of stock and with the present bright outlook for fairs in McKean county in the future there should be no trouble in selling the balance of the stock.

It was decided to lock the fair grounds and give each stockholder a key so that they can use the track for driving purposes whenever it is in fit condition to be driven on and those who are not stockholders and wish to use the track for driving purposes can have the same privileges as stockholders upon payment of a fee of $5 per year.

Don'ts for Hunters.

Now that the season for hunting is open we wish to warn gunners to be careful. Every season brings forth numerous accidents, most of which could be prevented by just a little care on the part of the gunners.

Don't let your zeal to kill more game than anyone else jeopardize the lives of your fellow mimrods, in other words

Don't shoot into thick brush just because you have heard a noise or seen something move. It is more likely to be a fellow gunner than a wild beast.

Don't rock your gun and carry it over your shoulder when someone is behind you and

Don't do it anyway.

Don't rest your gun against a brush fence while you climb over and then take it by the muzzle to pull it over. The undertakers are not having bargain days very often now.

Don't rest the muzzle of your gun on your foot while you fill your pipe and light a match on the hammer and thoughtlessly toy with the trigger. Artificial toes are expensive and no better than those given you by nature.

Don't shoot at a bird when directly in line with your companion. We know you are a good shot but sometimes a shotgun "scatters" so that the bird cannot absorb the whole charge and although he may have had his troubles your friend's life may still be dear to him.

Don't trespass where the lands are posted. Some of our rural land owners seem to think that the school district needs the money, but if you do trespass and are caught

Don't shoot the informer because the burden of the proof is on him and unless he makes a good case you are liable to get off free.

Don't forget these don'ts.

Death of D. O. Gallup.

Daniel Orville Gallup, an old and respected resident of Norwich township, died at the old homestead last Wednesday morning, after a lingering illness of a complication of ailments, at the age of sixty-nine years. Mr. Gallup had been a resident of Norwich township since birth and most of his life was passed on the farm where he died. He was a hard working, industrious farmer, honest in his business dealings, a kind and loving father and husband and an exemplary citizen—one that is an honor to a community. Besides a wife and two daughters, Mrs. Wm. Evans of Smethport and Miss Elvie Gallup of Norwich, who are left to mourn his loss, he will be missed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. The funeral services were held from his late home at 1 o'clock Friday afternoon, Rev. W. A. Day of Smethport officiating and the burial was made in the Colegrove cemetery.

I will be at the Grand Central Hotel next Monday evening and all day Tuesday with a complete line of winter goods in shirts and ladies' shirt waists. Call me up on the the telephone if you cannot come and see me.

Abe J. Martin.

The Duchess Skirt will always hang well, wear well, look well. At The Lindholm Co.'s.

New guns and Winchester ammunition at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Annis Furs will keep you warm. The Lindholm Co. have them.

ANCIENT HISTORY

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

(Continued from Oct. 5th.)

In the year 1837 he submitted to the Constitutional Convention a proposition to give each county of the state a representative in the legislature. This proposition he enforced with a speech of such power as to draw encomiums from John Sargeant, Thaddeus Stevens and others of the ablest members of the convention, who opposed it by reason of representing constituencies composed of dense population rather than areas of square miles of territory. The proposition failed that time but was adopted in 1851, and its strong support was drawn from reproducing the argument made by Mr. Hamlin in 1837, to which special reference was made.

More than twenty years ago Mr. Hamlin gave up all hope of ever again appearing in court. In order that what remained of life might not be a blank he entered upon what was to him a new class of studies, taking books of the French and German to learn their languages, and following with careful studies of astrology, geology, etc., calling his family to his aid in making observations of the planets and producing specimens of minerals, plants, insects, etc., for his examination. An incident which occurred some ten years ago will well illustrate his passion for mental pursuits. A life long devoted friend, Dr. Keating of Philadelphia, who had often been professionally consulted to treat him, called, and after taking him warmly by the hand sat down at his bedside, expecting inquiry as to what could be done for his ailments. Instead of which the doctor was amused as well as astonished on hearing Mr. Hamlin say, "Well, doctor, I have been reading the Marseilles Hymn. I know you are a French scholar; I have it in the original and the translation; now I want you to take it in the French and translate it slowly while I compare the translations to see whether the translator is right or whether I am." The doctor did as he was requested. When he came down to the verse which gave him special anxiety his pupil said, "Now please be accurate." When the reading of it was concluded a joyous smile lit up the face of the invalid as he exclaimed, "I thought I was right, now I have proved it. Now, doctor, tell me what you can do to make a sick man well."

Mr. Hamlin professed his faith as a Christian in early manhood, while in Harrisburg. He was baptized by Rev. B. S. Babbitt and became a member of the Presbyterian church upon its organization in this place, about thirty-five years ago. His religious life was not one of emotion, but a firm trust in God sustained and comforted him through life. To those who knew him best he often expressed his faith and as he felt his life's sands slowly ebbing away desired and received Holy Communion, to his comfort and peace. There was no immediate or marked cause of death. It was simply the result of a gradual weakening of the physical powers and he sank to his final rest peacefully and painlessly, having more than filled the allotted three score and ten.

Jabez Beckwith is in a fair way to stub around with nine toes for the balance of his days. While at work for Brandt, Bros. last Monday [Feb. 9, 1880] getting out timbers for a well rig he had the misfortune to cut off one of his toes. Dr. Freeman sewed the severed member on again, but we understand he expresses the opinion that it is doubtful if the reunion becomes permanent.

Messrs. N. W. and Jay Abbey have commenced preparations for building a large two-story store building on Main street, east of Specht and Sasse's furniture store. The land was surveyed by Thomas King on Monday, [Feb. 2, 1880] and we understand all the lumber is ready to be placed on the ground as soon as the going will permit. The building is to be 28 feet front by 40 feet deep.

The death of Miss Olive Watson, which occurred at the residence of Mr. B. C. Corwin, in this borough on Monday, Feb. 23, 1880, was attended by circumstances rendering it peculiarly sad. She was a resident of Bradford, living with her widowed mother who lost a fortune by the Chicago fire. About three weeks ago she came to Mr. Corwin's on a visit. She was taken sick almost as soon as she arrived with rheumatism of the heart, and despite the best of medical attendance and the constant care of loving friends continued to grow worse until she died. She was but a few months over 22 years of age, and was a young lady of peculiar charms of intellect and feature.

Beckwith.—At Farmers Valley, Mar. 15, 1880, Ella, wife of C. H. Beckwith, aged 30 years, 3 months and 22 days.

Anderson-Anderson.—In Smethport, at the Wright House, March 30, 1880, by Rev. W. C. Wiltse, Mr. J. A. Anderson of Daguscahonda, Elk Co., Pa., to Miss Phillah Anderson of Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Candidates Making Canvass.

Secretary McElroy of the Republican county committee and the Republican candidates for county offices, have been visiting different polling places and seeing the voters of late. Wherever they have appeared they have been assured of big majorities. The affairs of the party in the county were never in better shape and the usual totals in the Republican column in the election returns are certain. The party's itinerary dating from to-day is as follows:

Oct. 19.—Hamlin township, Third district, at Kushequa.

Lafayette township, Fourth district at Kushequa, 2 p. m.

Kane Boro, 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th wards, 8 p. m.

Wetmore township at Kane, 8 p. m.

Oct. 20.—Hamilton township, First district, at Ludlow, 7 p. m.

Hamilton township, Second district, at Ludlow, 7 p. m.

Monday, Oct. 23.—Lafayette township, First district, at Mt. Alton, 8 p. m.

Oct. 24.—Lafayette township, Third district, at Lafayette, 2 p. m.

Lafayette township, Second district, at Lewis Run, 8 p. m.

Oct. 25.—Bradford township, First district, at Custer City, 8 p. m.

Oct. 26.—Foster township, First district, at Derrick City, 8 p. m.

Oct. 28.—Foster township, Second district, at Rew City, 8 p. m.

Monday, Oct. 30.—Bradford City, First ward and Corydon township, 8 p. m.

Oct. 31.—Bradford City, Second ward, at Republican headquarters, 8 p. m.

Nov. 1.—Bradford City, Third ward, at Republican headquarters, 8 p. m.

Nov. 2.—Bradford City, Fourth ward, at Republican headquarters, 8 p. m.

Nov. 3.—Bradford City, Fifth and Sixth wards, at Republican headquarters, 8 p. m.

Last week Ceres, Eldred, Otto, Annin, Liberty, Norwich and Keating townships, and Smethport, Port Allegany and Eldred boros were visited.

Missouri Girl.

"The Missouri Girl" is a comedy drama that produces more genuine hearty laughter than anything yet written. In connection with a strong and interesting plot, it contains the most ludicrous situations ever conceived. The company presenting the play this season is composed of some of the best known people in the theatrical profession, who are fully capable of extracting this fun and dealing it out to the public in a most satisfactory manner. Nine of the old favorites remain in the cast; some of them have played their respective roles continuously for the past eight seasons, this guarantees a first class performance. The new people added this season were selected for their peculiar fitness for the roles they were to assume and it is safe to predict that a "better than ever" line can safely be added to the advertising matter. The vaudeville portion of the show has been enlarged and strengthened. The same Zeke, with his famous "clodhopper" dances, the same Daisy with her original songs and a lot of new specialties, never before seen in the play will be introduced in the birthday party scene. The production will be seen in its entirety at the Lyceum, Thursday, Oct. 26.

Spanked Her Son.

A dispatch from Redbank, N. J., says: Mrs. Betsey Freeman, of this place, never heard of Dr. William Osler until last Wednesday. When with her friends, who had assembled to celebrate the one hundred and eleventh anniversary of her birth, told her of him she laughed until the rafters fairly shook, and then declared that she was only sorry she did not know him before; that she would have sent an invitation to Osler to attend. Then just to show her guests that she is still a "young" woman she called her youngest son, William, to her side. She informed "Willie" that he had been a naughty boy, and forthwith proceeded to lay him across her knee and administer to him a sound spanking. "Willie" is 83 years old.

Money's Lack of Warmth.

Here's a good fellowship story that is going the rounds: Give a man a ten cent cigar and he will beam all over and love you for six hours; offer him the ten cents with which to buy it for himself and he will throw it in your face. Give a man a pass to a show and he will call you a good fellow in all the languages at his disposal; offer him the money to go and he will call you a fool. Ask a man to your own home to take "pot luck" and he will jump at the chance; give him $2 and tell him to get a good meal at a cafe with your compliments and he will knock you down. The dollar is mighty, but it isn't warm. Nothing chills hospitality and good fellowship more than the touch of cold metal.

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 43 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs Laura Taylor.

The best styles for children, the Mooney shoes, at Lindholm's.

THE CLOSING SESSIONS OF INSTITUTE.

A Brief Description of the McKean County Teachers' Institute

RESOLUTIONS OF APPRECIATION.

The Institute was the Subject of Favorable on All Sides—Closed at Noon on Friday.

The following is the concluding business transacted at the Teachers' Institute, which closed last Friday noon:

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Prof. Bible gave some delightful Shakespearian readings, giving the four great scenes from Julius Caesar. He also gave parts of The Merchant of Venice. The world is coming back to Shakespeare, and many Institutes ask for more work along this line.

Prof. Mooney talked on singing for pure tone. Support the tone from the diaphragm, leaving the upper chest for cavities to reinforce the tones. The professor then sang in his usual pleasing style, two solos, each of which was heartily encored.

Dr. Willis showed how much our sensuous imagery enters into all our thought. We think of Heaven itself in terms that we learned by sight, sound or touch. A mind blind from birth simply does not possess these images and ideas that depend upon sight.

Prof. Pierce showed how to be happy, though a teacher. Know your work. Know your method. Know your pupil. Then all will be well and teaching a pleasure.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The Lyric Glee Club justified the advance notices given them. Both individually and in ensemble, the troupe is very good. The comedy work was particularly "taking."

THURSDAY MORNING.

The session was divided, the primary workers and the district teachers of limited experience repaired to the High School where they were addressed by Profs. Bible and Smith on "Primary Reading," and by Prof. Mooney on "Music in the Grades." The devotionals were led by the Rev. Mr. Van Dyke.

At the court house Dr. Miller gave a vivid word picture of the strenuous three days at Gettysburg where the high tide of the rebellion was hurled back from the rock wall of Meade's army. The address was masterly and evoked prolonged applause.

Dr. Willis described a visit to a certain school as an example of what to avoid. The test of a teacher is: Is the center of activity in teacher or pupil? Are the assignments in space in text books, or topics, ideas? Does the discipline leave the pupils in an attitude of helpfulness or hostility?

Dr. Bible recited several popular poems. It is hard to estimate how much such a speaker contributes to the success of a session.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Dr. Becht gave a fine talk showing how Thad Stevens saved the school law under which 1,200,000 children are taught at an annual cost of $26,000,000. The dramatic portrayal of the struggle was a masterpiece of teaching eloquence.

Dr. Willis discussed Bacteriology, showing how diseases are communicated and also how some bacteria serve the world in usefulness. The talk was very interesting.

Dr. Bible closed the session by giving some fine selections in his own inimitable way. Many directors were present.

THURSAY EVENING.

Edmund Vance Thompson gave an evening of delightful readings from his poems, covering all type of modern poetry. The presentation and the subject matter are equally fine.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Dr. Willey led the devotionals, Prof. Mooney assisting with music. To Prof. Mooney and his excellent pianist, the Institute owes much of its pleasure.

Dr. Willis spoke of Moral Training. The materials are wherever the question of right and wrong is involved. Every subject furnishes it. Good morals go with refined taste and with religious alertness. Take pupils on their own level, and lead them up.

Dr. Bible spoke of Memory Training, and gave several devices. Visual memory is unusually stronger than auditory, so present matters to the sight when possible. Logical memory, the retention of ideas is better than verbal memory. Cultivate it.

Prof. Miller closed the session with a rousing talk on the tragedy involving Burr and Blennerhassett. The famous trial where Burr's remarkable personal power was shown; and the long years of lonely waiting for the ship that never came, on which his daughter, Theodosia, went to her watery grave, touched the audience to a silence that could almost be felt.

The Institute has been a success. The splendid corps of instructors, the fine preparation on all lines, the interest of the teachers, the evening entertainments in the Lyceum, are all subjects of favorable comment everywhere. Prof. Bayle deserves great credit for a promising start of his three years' work.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, the Thirty-Ninth Annual Teachers' Institute of McKean County has been the means of so highly benefiting the teachers, encouraging them to renew their efforts, and strengthening the faith of the patrons of education in efforts of the teachers; and

Whereas, The efforts of the County Superintendent, in behalf of the teachers, have been crowned with so much success; therefore be it

Resolved, First, that we as teachers express our appreciation of the knowledge imparted, of the kindly advice and many suggestions renewed during the week, all of which has been made possible by the untiring efforts of Superintendent Bayle. Second, that we extend our heartfelt thanks to Drs. Willis, Bible and Becht; to the Hon. Chas. C. Miller, to Profs. Pierce, Griffith and Breed for instruction, and to Prof. Mooney and Mrs. Copeland, for their excellent music. Third, that we heartily thank Revs. W. A. Day, J. H. McCandless, Van Dyke, Drs. Smith, Ballantine and Willey for devotional exercises. Fourth, that we heartily appreciate the hospitality of the people of Smethport, and especially the courtesy extended by the Lyceum management. Fifth, that we express our approval of the county High School contest as inaugurated, and would recommend that contests of like nature be taken up by the county association, in order that literary interests between our High Schools might be stimulated. That we extend our thanks to all the participants in the entertainment on Tuesday evening, as well as to all who have contributed to the success of the Institute.

Respectfully submitted,

John A. Young,
Patricia B. McMahon,
Carrie A. Day,
Committee.

State Police Will Soon Take the Field

Pennsylvania's State police force will be in the field on Nov. 1st, unless something unforeseen turns up in the meantime to disarrange the present plans.

But for the necessary buildings to house the men and horses the force could be organized and the squads sent out for duty in a couple of days after the return from Europe next Friday of Captain John C. Groome, Superintendent of the force. Everything else will be in readiness when he arrives. Captain Groome is preparing plans for the barracks while on his trip.

While Dr. Francis D. Patterson is examining applicants for appointment to the force a representative is in the West selecting the mounts for the successful candidates. The arms are also being collected.

There are to be five barracks located in different parts of the State. Each will have accomodations for 30 police men and their horses as well as officers. The latter will consist of a sergeant, lieutenant and a captain. There will also rank among the privates the necessary farriers, blacksmiths, carpenters, cooks and electricians.

The wages of the men will be as follows: Privates, $720; sergeants, $1,000; lieutenants, $1,200; and the captain, $1,500. There will be a deputy superintendent, who will receive $2,400.

It has not yet been decided whether the men will wear caps or felt hats. Their uniforms will be in regulation army blue. They will wear blouse shirts and will be equipped with carbines, revolver and a long "billy."—Venango Citizen Press.

Wild Land in Demand.

Wild land in McKean county is becoming valuable and there is very little of it that is not purchased at treasurer's sales. A few years ago wild land in this county was worth practically nothing except for the oil right, but to-day chemical men are buying up almost everything in sight and very little of the land has been sold to the county for want of a buyer. The only land that is in the hands of the county commissioners is that which has not a stick of timber on it and is isolated from the railroad. In the southwestern part of the county the Swedes have bought the land and cleared it, making profitable farms. Last week there was a Swede in Smethport who had just disposed of a quantity of wild land that he had purchased some time ago, and he cleared up $15,000 on the deal.—Bradford Herald.

LOST—On Sunday morning between the Swedish Lutheran church and Mr. McCandless' house a lady's gold watch, hunting case, Elgin make. The watch is valuable as being a gift and the finder will be rewarded. Please return to Rev. J. H. McCandless.

More heating stoves arriving each day. You get the best when you buy of Holmes & Gilfillan.

THAT PESKY BEAR

By LLOYD ROBERTS

Copyright, 1904, by Lloyd Roberts.

When Sarah Ann Johnesy and her little five-year-old returned from the [illegible] and a cup of tea [illegible] they were surprised to find a bear [illegible] to find a bear [illegible] and [illegible] there, there hung the gun [illegible] and she vigorously thrust her husband into the room. "Land sakes! Hurry up, pa, and drive the varmint out of thet or he'll drive us out of the whole batter! Oh, he's a-comin'! He's a-comin'!" she shrieked as a loud crash sounded from below. "I hear the window!"

Jabez stole bravely forward and was just creeping down the old fashioned creaking ladder when the bear [illegible] from the trap and stumbled [illegible] of the window.

Jabez knew that he was going to [illegible] with the weight of [illegible] bear's body, he was very [illegible] of sleep. Sarah Ann leaped out and slammed the door in his face. A [illegible] a [illegible] of [illegible] looked very much as if some thing ought to happen. Jabez thought so too.

"Hi, you, Sarah! Open that door quick," he cried.

"Shoot him, shoot him!" answered Mrs. Johnesy. "He'll git out if I open the door."

"Will you let it or him git out?" the farmer shouted back. "I'm no blamed b'ar hunter, and I ain't a-goin' to be neither!" And then, as this seemed [illegible] a bright inspiration flashed through his brain. "Do yer want blood and fur's grease smeared all over yer parlor floor, Sarah, for there will be if yer don't look real smart?"

The door flew open on the instant, while Mrs. Johnesy, having removed herself to one side, piped up in another tune:

"Don't yer hit him—don't yer hit him, Jabez! Let him git outer the house first."

But the bear in the meantime had changed his mind and instead of "gittin' out" sat in the doorway growling and making faces at poor old Johnesy, whose gun was drawing invisible hieroglyphics in the air.

Now, when the bear had made his appearance from below the valiant Andy had scrooged in between the hot stove and the wall and seated himself in a large earthen dish of dough which Sarah Ann had put there to raise. The good woman suddenly spied a pitchfork and a perspiring red face above the water kettle, and she hurled an appeal to the "help!"

"My land, Andy, git and drive the b'ar out of there before pa messes his dirty carcass all over my clean floor!"

But pa had taken his loving wife's advice and was now in the cellar, with the trap door clapped to behind him.

With some difficulty Mr. Johnesy was extricated from his retreat by means of a very narrow window that led into the potato bin, and they all withdrew their selves to a distance to encourage the departure of the guest.

"If yer had shot thet beast in the best room in ther house, Jabez Johnesy, you and I would ha' parted company next minute. I 'em jest tell yer!" said Mrs. Johnesy firmly. "It ain't as if I hadn't nigh broke my back havin'

SHE FLUNG A GALLON OF SOAPY WATER IN THE ANIMAL'S FACE.

all besides," while a great rage welled up in her usually gentle heart, and it seemed as if a vengeance swift and terrible was about to descend upon this innocent, sleepy looking creature.

Like a flash she sprang to a low bench just inside the door, seized a wash basin in both hands and flung a gallon of soapy water full in the animal's face. Spluttering and growling, the bear retreated into a back room, and Mrs. Johnesy hastily slammed the door upon her unwelcome visitor, effectually cutting off his means of escape.

This accomplished, she turned to Mary Ann, who had been standing at one side, watching the performance with staring eyes and serious face, and spoke to her sharply: "Now, jest yer look here, Mary Ann, and mind what I'm a-sayin' to yer. Sit right down there on that stoop, and don't yer move till I git back and don't yer let no one come in, for there's a awful growed up b'ar in thet back room thet would jest love to eat such as you. I'm a-goin' to git yer pa to come and kill it dead. Now, mind what I tell yer!" And, with a parting glance at the parlor door, she climbed a snake fence and hurried across a field of stubble, disappearing behind a low hill.

Mary Ann sat dutifully where she was put, with her small mind full of thoughts of the "big doggie," till she saw the tall figure of her pa come bounding over the rise, followed a moment later by ma, and then Andy valiantly waving a hayfork above his head.

When they had all collected in the kitchen Jabez suddenly grabbed his head, while a queer expression spread over his honest countenance. "Sarah Ann Johnesy, if yer ain't the big-headedest, all-around simplest female bein' that ever milked a cow! Do you know what yer gone and done? Ye've cooped up the b'ar right along in the same room as my gun, and then yer cal'late thet I'm a-goin' ter shoot him. If thet ain't the women folk fer yer!"

Sarah Ann looked blank. "If we only had known in time we could 'a' got a-lend of Joe Sausen's gun, but I reckon as how he took it along when he went pa'tridge killin' out back settlement way," she answered in self defense.

Meanwhile Andy had sneaked around the house and had cautiously peaked in the parlor window "to git a squint at the pesky brute," only to discover that the room was empty. He rushed back with wild excitement. "Jabe, Jabe!" he shouted. "He ain't thar! He ain't thar! He's up and cleared out, I tell yer!"

Sarah Ann turned with fury on Mary Ann. "What have yer gone and done with thet there b'ar, Mary Ann Johnesy, thet I left yer so careful-like ter keep yer eye on when I was a-fetchin' yer pa? Now, none of yer lyin' ter me, but speak up quick!" And she grabbed her by the arm and shook her vigorously.

"I didn't do nuffin'—I didn't—I didn't—I didn't!" Mary Ann wailed in a piercing voice, and the last wail was still on the move as the others entered the house for a closer investigation.

"It do seem as if he had jest melted away!" whispered Sarah Ann in an awestruck voice as they peered through the crack of the slightly opened door. "Where could he have got ter?"

They soon discovered his retreat. At one side of the room a trap door led through the floor into the cold, dark cellar below, and Mrs. Johnesy had for a wonder closed it after her last departure.

"Why, there hung the gun above the mantelpiece, and she vigorously thrust her husband into the room. "Land sakes! Hurry up, pa, and drive the varmint out of thet or he'll drive us out of the whole batter! Oh, he's a-comin'! He's a-comin'!" she shrieked as a loud crash sounded from below. "I hear the window!"

Jabez stole bravely forward and was just creeping down the old fashioned creaking ladder when the bear [illegible] from the trap and stumbled [illegible] of the window.

Jabez knew that he was going to [illegible] with the weight of [illegible] bear's body, he was very [illegible] of sleep. Sarah Ann leaped out and slammed the door in his face. A [illegible] a [illegible] of [illegible] looked very much as if some thing ought to happen. Jabez thought so too.

"Hi, you, Sarah! Open that door quick," he cried.

"Shoot him, shoot him!" answered Mrs. Johnesy. "He'll git out if I open the door."

"Will you let it or him git out?" the farmer shouted back. "I'm no blamed b'ar hunter, and I ain't a-goin' to be neither!" And then, as this seemed [illegible] a bright inspiration flashed through his brain. "Do yer want blood and fur's grease smeared all over yer parlor floor, Sarah, for there will be if yer don't look real smart?"

The door flew open on the instant, while Mrs. Johnesy, having removed herself to one side, piped up in another tune:

"Don't yer hit him—don't yer hit him, Jabez! Let him git outer the house first."

But the bear in the meantime had changed his mind and instead of "gittin' out" sat in the doorway growling and making faces at poor old Johnesy, whose gun was drawing invisible hieroglyphics in the air.

Now, when the bear had made his appearance from below the valiant Andy had scrooged in between the hot stove and the wall and seated himself in a large earthen dish of dough which Sarah Ann had put there to raise. The good woman suddenly spied a pitchfork and a perspiring red face above the water kettle, and she hurled an appeal to the "help!"

"My land, Andy, git and drive the b'ar out of there before pa messes his dirty carcass all over my clean floor!"

But pa had taken his loving wife's advice and was now in the cellar, with the trap door clapped to behind him.

With some difficulty Mr. Johnesy was extricated from his retreat by means of a very narrow window that led into the potato bin, and they all withdrew their selves to a distance to encourage the departure of the guest.

"If yer had shot thet beast in the best room in ther house, Jabez Johnesy, you and I would ha' parted company next minute. I 'em jest tell yer!" said Mrs. Johnesy firmly. "It ain't as if I hadn't nigh broke my back havin'

"HOLY BOKERS, SARAH! OPEN THAT DOOR QUICK!"

it all put to rights again only last night," she went on, keeping her eye on the back door as she spoke. "What am be a-keepin' thet thar b'ar?"

"Gol darn yer hide, Andy Ginnis!" growled the irritated farmer. "An' what was yer doin' all the time, I'd like to know, while I was a-fightin' the dirty brute? Under the bed up in the loft, I reckon, yer white livered pup!"

"Thar yer wrong, Jabez Johnesy, and yer know it. I jest kinder mislaid m'self; thet's all," Andy retorted.

At this point poor little Mary Ann set up a dismal howling.

"I want a cookie—I want a d'ink of milk—I want somefin' to eat! Boo-oo!"

It was getting along near sundown, and still the bear showed no signs of evacuating his position. He knew a good thing when he smelt it, and the house contained many good things in the line of jams and jellies which the thrifty housewife had bottled for the winter, to say nothing of cakes and pies and apples, and it seemed afterward as if his delicate snout had brought to light everything that a bear might love in kitchen, pantry or cellar.

They all stood glowering in silence—that is, with the exception of Mary Ann. Suddenly the old farmer struck up, while a broad grin rolled around his face, and he clapped his hand on his leg.

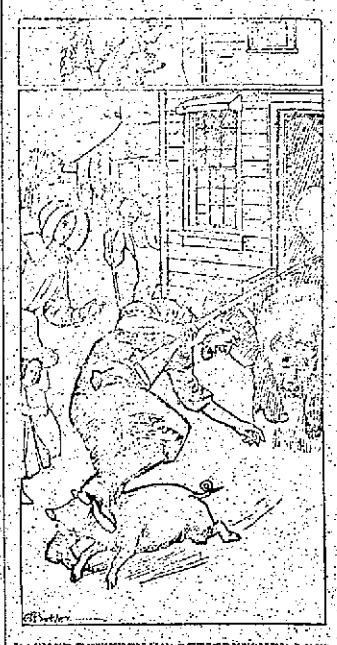
"I've been a-thinkin' and a-thinkin', and I 'low as somethin' has to be done, and thet real smart, and I reckon as I can do it. Come along o' me, Andy." And he turned and strode off in the direction of the barn.

Andy and Sarah Ann both followed, the latter tugging Mary Ann by the hand.

"Now, just yer help me catch the critter," said Jabez as he climbed into the pigsty. And Andy obediently obeyed.

"Land, what yer goin' to do with thet there pig?" cried his wife in a voice of astonishment.

"Jest you wait, and you'll see—eh! Shut yer Sqiggilin', yer blasted idgit!



DASHED BETWEEN HIS OUTSTRETCHED LEGS.

Nothin' ain't goin' to hurt yer." This last to the pesky squealing porker which he had grabbed and stowed beneath his arm. It was only eight months old.

When they had returned to the back yard the farmer gave minute directions to the hired man.

"Now, see here, Andy, you take the pig around to the parlor window and drop him inside, and I'll wait out here with the gun, and when the b'ar chases out after the pig I'll ping the brute. Git a hike on!"

It worked perfectly—at least the first part did—for after a few minutes of awful silence a terrible commotion filled the house. First there was a resounding crash, as if the whole sideboard had gone over, followed by ear piercing squeals and noise of falling dishes.

Jabez had just time to yell: "Git outer the way, ma! Holy Jerusalem, here they come!" when the whole circus came streaming out of the house.

Alas for the second part of the arrangements! The terrified fugitive saw the farmer and, after the habit of pigs, sought safety by dashing between his outstretched legs. Jabez strove to jump aside, but it was too late. His feet were knocked from under him, the gun went off into the clouds, and pursued and pursuer disappeared in the distance.

When the last lingering squeals had died away Mrs. Johnesy turned to her bewildered husband with all the contempt, not unmixed with triumph, she could throw into her voice:

"Who's the pig-headedest, long legged—and lest born fool now?" she concluded.

Mr. Johnesy began thoughtfully to brush the dust off his trousers leg.

"Now, see here, Sarah Ann, didn't I low as I would git thet there pesky dear critter back? And didn't I?"

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The penitent man spoils his eyes and shuts his mouth.

Treat every one as though you expected him to some day be your enemy.

If there is a dog in the manger throw him out. He doesn't belong there.

Are you as active in paying a bill you owe as you are in collecting a bill due you?

If it were not for the fact that most people ask too much indemnity there wouldn't be much use for courts.

You can get up a quarrel, but will you be any better off after you have quarreled so fiercely that peace will be agreeable?

It is a good plan for a woman to occasionally let her husband have his way without giving him a look that will take the pleasant taste out.—Atchison Globe.

Curiosities About Fish Scales.

The thin, silvery coating of fish scales derives its luster from many minute crystals of lime, mixed with a peculiar substance called "guanin." This coating of silver crystals is very easily rubbed off the scales, and in the case of a European species of carp known as the "bleak" the crystals are so numerous that a metallic pigment, commercially known as "argentine," is made from them. The large globular glass beads, known as "German" or "Roman" pearls, are coated on the inside with this substance. In some species of fish with lusterless scales the silvery lining is found on the inside of the body. A well known example of this is seen in the common smelt.

The Truth About Vanity.

When one comes to think of it, vanity may be defined as an appreciation of the beautiful, which impels us to make ourselves as beautiful as it is possible to be. It appears also on analysis that a desire to make oneself better is a confession of the need of being beautified, so that the girl or the man who titivates may have a less conceit than those who go about content with themselves as they are, ugly, probably, for it so often happens that Providence denying beauty denies also the appreciation of it in other things and persons.—Black and White.

A Letter From Europe.

Mrs. Struckoll—Paw, Emmy writes that the most interestin' thing she's seen in the hull trip is the Sphinx; says she just loves it. Mr. Struckoll—Well, you write to Emmy to buy it an' fetch it home with her. Like to see one of them darn things myself!—Brooklyn Life.

FEMININE GAMBLERS

WOMEN WHO HAVE WON FAME BY THEIR RECKLESS WAGERS.

France Has Furnished the Greater Number of These Fortune Plungers, Nell Gwynne During Play—The "Art" of Losing Paquita.

From time to time throughout the world gambling among women has flourished and declined. The pages of history tell over and over again the story of great women gamblers. France has furnished the greater number of these, but England has not been far behind, while America has put forth many whose fame has become international.

There seems to be something in the blood of French women that makes them gamblers of a high order. Mme. de Montespan won so much at basset, her favorite game, that Louis IV. was delighted and borrowed some of her winnings, but she lost a great deal at times, and her play grew so furious that in 1682 Louis abolished the game. It is recorded of madame that she one night, while the king looked on at basset, risked a sum equal to £40,000 on a single card and that the king gambled when no one could be found to cover the bet. But madame also lost, one New Year night, 700,000 crowns at hoca and on another night almost £200,000 at the same game.

Mme. du Barry was the most famous woman gambler of the time of Louis XV., but with her it was only a pastime. But that other favorite, Mme. de Pompadour, went in with the side object of winning, if she could. It is recorded that her winnings were enormous and that in a single night she eased the pockets of the king of 25,000 louis d'or.

Queen Marie Antoinette, according to history, was a gambler who liked to be surrounded by gamblers. Faro was the popular game, but the stakes got to be so great that many a nobleman had his entire estates whped out in a single night. Scandal rose high, and the game was forbidden. Nevertheless, in a short time it was being carried on again not only in the apartments of the queen, but at the house of the Princess de Lamballe. At first the queen and those who desired to play with her went to the apartments of Mme. de Guenlepe, whose house is credited with having been the scene of the highest continued play of any in France. But matters got so hot before the evil came that noblemen would no longer play with the queen, and she admitted to her table many common gamblers. Then the scandal broke in full force, for some were caught cheating, and one was even arrested for picking a pocket.

Possibly the most famous woman gambler of English history was Nell Gwynn, the actress who was so great a favorite with Charles II. In that reign the manners were much the same as they were at the French court. Nell Gwynn lost £5,000 to her rival, the Duchess of Cleveland, and in one year lost upward of £60,000, which the king paid. There had never been known so much gambling among women as was carried on in that reign. After the Duchess of Mazarin, niece of the cardinal, had lost £1,000,000 she died in absolute want.

The acknowledged queen of American women gamblers was Lonna Paquita, who was born in Texas about 1850, but early went into Mexico to rule over outlaws and cowboys. The little Lonna was scarcely twelve years of age when she fell in with an old time gambler named Quidetor, who taught her every trick known to the gambler's art. She made her first appearance in Paso del Norte. She was only a child, and the rough gamblers laughed at her.

But they soon found that they were no match for her, and that even her teacher, Quidetor, was a tenderfoot compared with the child. With the passing years Lonna Paquita grew to be a beautiful woman. Her hair was as black as night, she had eyes that confounded those of the gamblers who played with her and a voice as sweet and silvery as a bell. She was as handsome a woman as one could wish to see, but with heart of ice and nerves of iron. Her small white hands could manipulate the cards with a skill that defied the watchfulness of the keenest gambler.

There were many people who thought it was merely luck that followed her; but the luck kept up too long, and the gamblers who knew a few tricks themselves understood that it was "art." Still, no one was ever known to catch her cheating. Before she was twenty Lonna Paquita was in New Mexico leading a band of the worst characters of the southwest.

Her death occurred in 1875, and was tragic. Some lawless acts had been committed by a body of grensers, and search was made for them. Lonna Paquita was found to be their leader and was caught. She only laughed when she was taken, and proposed that a game of cards be played to see whether she should go free or kill herself. This was agreed to, and one of the party, a gambler known the country around, was selected. The woman lost. Those who looked on had scarcely time to understand this when Lonna Paquita drew a knife from her belt and plunged it into her heart.

The women of today, although they doubtless gamble as heavily as in other times, incline more to speculation in stocks. The new woman will go on gambling, but appearances show that she cares a great deal more for the money there is in it than she does for the notoriety of being a gambler.—Liverpool Mercury.

Luck or Good Management.

"I heard Crabbe say he had never had such luck in his business as he's having now, but I didn't understand whether it was good luck or bad."

"Oh, he meant bad luck, of course! If it were good luck he wouldn't speak of it as 'luck' at all."—Philadelphia Ledger.

QUEER PROBLEMS OF LAW.

Cases With Which English Judges and Lawyers Have Struggled.

Hundreds of years of precedent have not yet cleared up all the possible points of difficulty in the English law.

Here is a romance to puzzle an Irish court. Two Englishmen, who were both within a few months of their majority, fell in love with Australian girls, and it was the discovery of the two girls' parentage in each case that caused the trouble.

The young men, who had emigrated to Australia, found that the girls they had married were not legally their wives, as the latter was still living in the district of Kent, England, whence the husband of each had emigrated some years before. The young men, who were cousins, were greatly distressed at the discovery, and, as each of these girls had children, they were anxious to legalize their own marriages and thus legitimize their own children.

Are these girls' children only base born children? This many seem a ridiculous question, but all shades of meaning are involved, and a case which turned upon it went through two of three courts of law. A lady sent an order for a dozen eggs to a dairyman, and he sent her ducks' eggs. She sent them back as not being what she ordered, but he refused to take them, and some time elapsing between their journeys from the house to the shop, the eggs went bad, and eventually the shopkeeper sued the lady for his bill, their value.

The county court judge ordered her to pay, declaring that ducks' eggs were as much eggs as any others. But the lady appealed, and the king's bench reversed the decision on the ground that when a party ordered eggs hens' eggs were meant, and if any other contention were admitted any kind of eggs might be sent, such as pigeons', cannibals' or even rattlesnakes'. Ducks' eggs, it was decided, were not eggs in the ordinary meaning of the term.

Are the grandchildren of a man also his children? In the legal sense this question is not so absurd as it looks, and some time ago it was unsuccessfully and laboriously contended in the court that the going to act of parliament they were.

The particular act in question, passed in the reign of the late Queen Victoria, laid it down that "the father and the grandfather, the mother and the grandmother and the children of any poor person, living of sufficient ability, shall relieve and maintain any such poor person."

The argument was that, according to the context, grandchildren were to be reckoned as children for this purpose, just as grandparents were reckoned as parents. On the other side it was argued that if grandchildren were children, then great-grandchildren were children also and that a man might in this way be called upon to support his father and mother, his four grandparents, his eight great-grandparents and as many grandchildren and great-grandchildren as he might be lucky or unlucky enough to possess.

Is skimmed milk milk? A man asked for a glass of milk to drink and was given skimmed milk, and the purveyor was fined for it. But in a higher court the decision was reversed, it being considered at the time that skimmed milk was really much more milk than milk that was not skimmed, since the latter contained something that was not milk at all—that is, cream.—London Tit-Bits.

THE LOST ARTS.

Many Abandoned Because New Knowledge Makes Them Useless.

Not as much as we used to, but occasionally even yet, one hears of some wonder accomplished by the ancients which cannot be done now.

Not so many years ago it was quite commonly asserted that modern workmen could not quarry or, having quarried, could not handle stones as large as the monoliths of Egypt, and the writer has heard a public speaker of note assert that it would be impossible to handle with modern implements such large stones as were used in the pyramids or to join them as perfectly as they are joined there. Yet, when occasion arose, larger stones than any of the larger monoliths themselves were transported not only to the sea, but across it, and erected in England, France and America, and there are individuals today who might, if they chose, cause the transportation to and erection in this country of the largest pyramids or build new ones ten times larger and more durable. Pyramids are not being generally built nowadays because they are not in line with the trend of modern ambition; that's all.

It is very doubtful if a "Damascus blade" would stand half as severe usage as a modern hand saw blade or even as much as the spring of a forty cent clock, while the ornamentation of those wondrous blades, so far as the mechanical execution is concerned, can be excelled by apprentices and amateurs of today.

Of the "lost art" of hardening copper little is heard of late years, though one occasionally hears a wiseling from the wilds wish that he knew how to do it as well as the ancients, and while it is perhaps regrettable that he doesn't his ignorance is his own fault.

Many arts and devices have been abandoned because new knowledge has made them useless, and time spent in rediscovering them would be worse than wasted. The modern youth had much better spend his time studying the art of his contemporaries than that which is "lost."—Scientific American.

A Balky Mule.

It is stated on the authority of officers in the Confederate army that a balky mule decided the battle of Gettysburg. The southern and northern troops were both attempting to reach an eminence the position of which practically decided the battle, and the southern column was blocked by a balky mule just long enough to enable the northern troops to gain the eminence, and so that balky mule really decided the battle.

DR. KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to Take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome in Every Home.

KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is confined to no one section, but is used and recommended by physicians in all parts of the country as a reliable remedy for all diseases arising from Impurity of the Blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Rheumatism, Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women.

In fevers, in severe colds, in cases where all other medicines fail, Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a sufficient guarantee of its virtues. It has been in constant use in the practice of physicians for over 30 years, and has a world-wide reputation.

Are you suffering from any disease resulting from impure blood? If so, Dr. Kennedy, the discoverer of the celebrated Favorite Remedy, will do you good.

Send for a free trial bottle and booklet containing valuable medical advice in the treatment of various diseases. Send also for an "Easy Test" for finding out if you have kidney disease. Address Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y.

REMEMBER, the full name is Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y., and the price is $1.00 a bottle; 6 bottles for $5.00, delivered to the United States, Canada and foreign countries.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

A display of French Pattern Hats designed by Collias, Virot, Lichtenstein.

Also pretty designs from Redfern, Carolyn, Rebrandt, Lina Faulkner and others.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Salt or Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING

AND

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY AT-
TENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPEGHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

A. T. Palmer

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarter for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

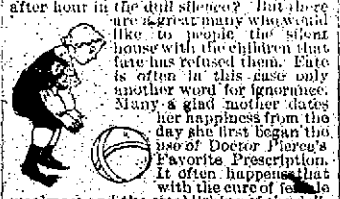
Main Street. Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Who would exchange the merry noise of children at play, with the childless home where the clock tick can be heard hour after hour in the dull silence? But there are a great many who would like to people the silent house with the children that fate has refused them. Fate is often in this case only another word for ignorance. Many a glad mother dates her happiness from the day she first began the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It often happens that with the cure of female weakness and the establishing of the delicate womanly organs in sound health, the way is opened for the joy of motherhood. "Favorite Prescription" is a specific for the chronic ailments peculiar to women. It cures them perfectly and permanently.



No other medicine can do for women so much as "Favorite Prescription." Do not therefore let any other medicine be palmed off on you as "just as good."

"Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, opium, cocaine or other narcotic. It is strictly a temperance medicine.

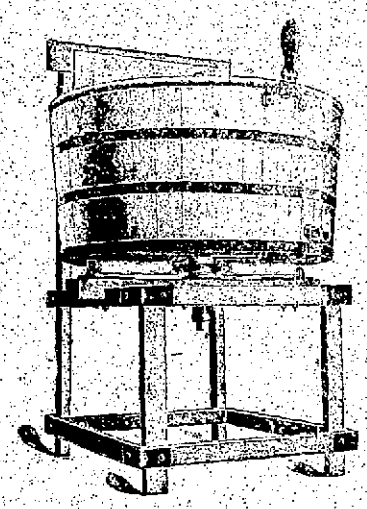
"I can truly say your medicine is a friend of mine," writes Mrs. Arthur Bratt of Amherstburg, Ontario, Canada. "I am mother of four children and suffered greatly at times of birth of first three. When three months along with the last one I began to think of trying some medicine to ease those terrible pains, and asked our doctor whether there was anything he could give me to lessen labor pains. He said there was nothing that could help me. Then thought I would write to Dr. Pierce. He advised me to take his 'Favorite Prescription.' I started to take it, as found benefit. I was very weak, had lowness trouble, and would faint away two or three times a day. Our doctor could not help me and life was a drag. I would often say, oh if I could only be relieved these spells, but I took five bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and felt better every way. Got along well at the time of delivery, and had one of quickest childbirths, and I thought it must be a good medicine that would help those pains, but I know now for myself and can not tell it plain enough. Your 'Favorite Prescription' is the best medicine as we mothers know. I advise my friends to try it. Baby is now four months old and is a strong healthy boy."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets Cure Constipation.

THE BIG STORE.

Acme Washing Machine

Does More Work—Better Work—With Less Work Than Any Washing Machine on the Market.



Runs on Ball Bearings, Without Effort—No Noise.

Simplicity Itself. Absolutely Nothing to Get Out of Order.

Will Wash Finest Fabrics Without Tearing or Breaking a Thread—the Heaviest Articles With Perfect Ease.

Wringer is Always in Place. It is Not Necessary to Detach.

Call and examine.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 19, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The hunting season has opened.

—Have a look at the new ad of J. Colegrove in this issue.

—E. W. Strong and family moved into their new home on King street this week.

—A basket ball team is being agitated among the young ladies of the High School.

—The Johnston Store of Bradford has an ad in this issue, calling attention to a showing of ladies' suits and coats at the Wright House. Look it up.

—The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad has introduced an entirely new idea in engaging Frank Fish, a deaf and dumb boy of Angelica, to act as a newsboy on their trains.

—Mr. D. Ratchford of Johnsonburg and Miss Charlotte Reid, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Reid of Hazelhurst, were united in marriage at Johnsonburg on Wednesday of last week.

—The Fort Porter football team of Buffalo met defeat at the hands of the Bradford Athletic Club eleven Sunday by a score of 45 to 0. The Olean High School team was also defeated by the Bradford High School team on Saturday. Score 11 to 0.

—A rumor has been current this week that a new time table would soon go into effect on the Shawmut railroad and that three train crews would make this place their headquarters. If such is the case it will be much appreciated by the townspeople in general.

—Miss Sadie Raymond, who for several years has been the foremost character soubrette on the American stage, will present "The Missouri Girl" at the Lyceum Thursday evening, Oct. 26th. This clever little lady is surrounded by a strong supporting company and the performance given is one of merit from start to finish.

—G. M. Pelton, a representative of the State dairy and food commission, has caused the arrest of 10 wholesale and retail meat dealers in Bradford for selling bologna and pork which had been preserved with boric acid and colored with coal tar dye. Nearly all of the defendants have paid a fine of $50 and costs, but it is understood that several of the dealers propose to contest the case and have the matter decided by the courts.—Era.

—Mr Henry Clark and Miss Bessie Hall were married recently at Roulette. They are well-known young people and are receiving the congratulations of their many friends.

—Philip von Storch, general manager of the Berney-Bond Glass Co.'s plant, died at the Bradford hospital Sunday at 12:10 p. m. aged 50 years. He had been a sufferer from typhoid fever for some week and owing to complications resulting in a surgical operation was performed upon him last week at the Bradford hospital. His condition did not improve and death resulted.

—At the Catholic church at Sartwell, at 8:30 a. m. Monday, Clarence Roy Peters and Miss Mary Brennan were united in marriage by Father Donahue. Mr. Peters is an Eldred young man now employed at Bradford, and the bride's home is at Sartwell. Both have a large circle of friends here and all join in extending best wishes. They will reside in Bradford.—Eagle.

—After a troublesome journey on the journalistic sea for the past seven years the Austin Republican has given up the ghost, for the time being at least. During its existence a number of persons have attempted to make the paper a paying venture without success. G. H. J. Graebner, after an unsuccessful trial of several months, has been compelled to give up and at present the office is without a head.

Starting Season in Nicaragua.

The beginning of things is quite primitive. They do not put up at expensive and fine hotels, but camp in gypsy fashion, hitch and low dance for miles along the shore and pass the time in crowning each young princess gallops by day and moonlight dances by night on the yellow sands, with partners of every variety of color down to the laughing yellow girls of the native class and the simple Indian peasant damsels of the fields. It is a sight not soon to be forgotten to witness the general rush toward the sea of carts, owners and servants. The government usually dispatches an officer and a guard to superintend the pitching of the annual camp upon the beach, or rather, upon the forest covered sand ridge which fringes the shore. Each family rigs up its own cane hut, lightly thatched with palm trees and floored with petates, or mats, the whole wickered together with vines or woven together basketwise and partitioned in the same way by means of colored curtains of cotton cloth. The more luxurious ladies send down their neatly curtained beds and make sometimes a certain show of elegance.

Newsy Newerl Items.

Miss Mae Lyman of Hebron, Pa., is a guest of Mrs. F. G. Wilcox for a few days.

Mrs. Warren Chandler of Roulette is visiting N. L. Marsh of White Hollow.

Sidney Burdick of Smethport and Miss Margaret Hubbard of Newton were callers on Miss Esther Erhart.

The Republican committee of Norwich township held a meeting in Chas. Phalon's shop last Friday.

Miss Martha Richey of Smethport was a caller at her sister's, Mrs. Geo. Smith, last Friday.

Mrs. W. T. Frierson and Mrs. F. G. Wilcox drove to Keating Summit Saturday and stopped over Sunday with John Swanson, a former resident of this place.

The W. C. T. U. social held at the K. O. T. M. hall last Friday was a complete success and $18 was cleared. The members wish to thank the K. O. T. M. trustees for donating the hall.

Miss Neva Manwaring of Corry is visiting her brother, E. F. Manwaring.

George Howard is on the sick list.

Mrs. Frank Mattison and Mrs. Mike McDade drove to Smethport last Saturday afternoon.

The schools opened again Monday after a week's vacation.

Habit in Appetite.

The so-called cravings of appetite are purely the result of habit. A habit once acquired and persistently followed of some kind or in its grasp, and then any deviation therefrom temporarily disturbs our physiological equilibrium. The system makes complaint, and we experience a craving, it may be, for that to which the body has become accustomed, even though this something be in the long run distinctly injurious to the welfare of the body. There has thus come to be a sentiment that the cravings of the appetite for food are to be fully satisfied, that this is merely obedience to nature's laws. This idea, however, is fundamentally wrong. Any one with a little perseverance can change his or her habits of life, change the whole course of one's existence, demonstrating that the latter are purely artificial and that they have no necessary connection with the welfare or needs of the body. In other words, digestic peculiarities are to be combated, not pampered, and in every and everything, upon rational ground, it is best.—Russell H. Chittenden, in Century.

The Value of a Word.

As soon as the apartment house was ready for occupancy the janitor placed a "To Let" card in several of the second and third story windows. When the agents saw the placards he said a good many things not strictly complimentary to the discretion of the janitor.

"What did you stick all those notices up for?" he asked.

"Because," was the reply, "the apartments are to be rented. I thought it a good plan to let folks know they were going off so quickly."

"That is all right in principle," said the agent, somewhat mollified, "but you didn't go about it in the right way. That is not the proper kind of a notice. Never use the word 'rented' in a high class apartment. Always say 'leased.' It makes a better impression. 'Rented' sounds cheap. Any agent who wants his apartments to bring a big price will tell you that."—New York Press.

The Short And.

Brewer says the sign & is called "anders, ampers or ampprus." It is sometimes called "short and." In olden times it was known as ampersand, but that word long ago fell into disuse. It is simply a contracted and rapidly made form of the Latin et. The name ampersand is derived from "and per se and"—that is, a single symbol which in itself is and. Ampersand, meaning &, is used in chapter 21 of "Arabic Bodle" (1830), also in a poem in Punch of April 17, 1869. The first stanza in the poem alluded to is as follows:

Of A the types by a printer's hand
Commend me to the ampersand.
For pert the gentleman seems to me)
Of the typographical companie.
Oh my pet little ampersand
My patron saint we gaily stand.
Notunde that Cadmus ever planned—
Rondo my elegant ampersand!

Prussian Dairymaids.

In the great tilling districts in west Prussia the dairy maids are not permitted to wear corsets. The different grades of proficiency are indicated by the caps worn. The milkmaids wear white caps, the maids white also, with the addition, however, of black velvet bands, and the dairy teachers caps with gilt lace. Many daughters of the land-holding class take a course in dairying, but all of the wear the uniform prescribed. This is for a sufficient reason, for the inspectors, it is said, visit the dairies in an unexpected way and without previous notice, so that all must be in readiness at all times.

Risk Versus Security.

There is no harder lesson to learn than the apparent "Nothing ventured, nothing won" is a true principle and a good guiding principle. It is a simple question, and not a good principle, upon which the conditions warrant a venture. As a rule we are profoundly convinced that a sure dollar is better than a possible $10; that comfort is always preferable to wealth in a lottery. The one thing to be avoided above all others is instability of income. This is not to suggest that under all conditions a man should prefer the settled and sure—independent.

Strictly True.

"Are you sure that is an orphan asylum across the way?" asked the stranger within the gates.

"Certainly," answered the native.

"But a policeman just told me it was an old ladies' home," protested the stranger.

"Well, that's all right," rejoined the native. "Every old lady in it is an orphan."—Chicago News.

Literary Coincidences.

How strange are literary coincidences occasionally is illustrated in the case of Thackeray and Dumas. Thackeray says: "I came near writing a book on the same subject, 'Les Trois Mousquetaires,' and taking M. d'Artagnan for my hero. D'Artagnan was a real character of the age of Louis XIV. and wrote his own memoirs. I remember picking up a dingy copy of them on an old bookstall in London, price sixpence, and intended to make something of it. But Dumas got ahead of me. He snaps up everything." A coincidence quite as remarkable occurred with Sir Conan Doyle for central figure. He learned while spending a holiday in a mountain inn in Switzerland that during the winter months for some reason two men remained in occupation. For four or five months they were isolated from the rest of the world. Suppose one of them went mad or committed suicide or— The possibilities were endless. He forthwith determined to embody the idea in a story. On his way home he happened to pick up a book of tales by Maupassant. There in it, under the title, "L'Auberge," he found himself forestalled in every particular.

Trousers a Passing Fashion.

It may not be known that the familiar soutane or cassock of a Catholic priest was the garment habitually worn by all gentlemen up to comparatively recent times, though it was not always necessarily black. There is a portrait of Louis wearing one of instep length, made on an indistinguishable "sun ray" pattern. And long gowns were not confined to gentlemen. The height of a Franciscan friar was the garment worn by the shepherds of England in St. Francis' time and probably for centuries before and after it.

There is evidence enough of this in our own times. If one travels outside the narrow limits of western civilization. The man or woman who goes east will see skirted men everywhere—Arabs, Cashmeries, Punjabis, Burmans, Chinese, Japanese, Malays, to mention only a few. The present bifurcated system of western Europe, though it seems to the untravelled eye as fixed and unalterable as the pyramids, is but a passing fashion in the history of male attire.—Grand Magazine.

The Practical Joker.

See the practical joker. He is not much of a sight, but still he is worth looking at as a curiosity, as a study in individual cussedness. The practical joker is the offspring of a family run to seed. He is what was left over after the rest of the world was created. There was a slight surplus, a mere fraction, not enough to make a complete man, so the scraps were scraped up, pressed together and molded into a practical joker. The job was not perfect. Nobody thinks enough of the invention to patent it. You couldn't sell two practical jokers for 3 cents a laugh if you should stand out on the corner and sell 'em. If your vocal cords get tied into flat bowknots. The public is aware of the shell game when it sees the layout. The practical joker is an escaped idiot from the Idiotville asylum, but he is by no means a harmless idiot. When recognized, he should be rejoiced forthwith and hauled back to his native and natural environment, the padded cell.—Portland Oregonian.

Blue and Gray Tobacco Smoke.

Did you ever notice while enjoying your favorite cigar that the smoke that curls up from the burning end of the "weed" is blue, while that exhaled from the mouth is of a whitish gray? The explanation of this quality is not far to seek. The wreath from the fiery end of the cigar is in the shape of infinitesimal dust particles, and all such particles even the dust of the atmosphere is explained in the same way reflect the blue color. In the case of the exhaled smoke the fine particles have united with the moisture of the breath and have by now become several *folds* larger than those escaping direct from the burning tobacco. This being the case, they have become large enough to reflect the white light, which gives the exhaled smoke an entirely different color.

His Love Was His Ruin.

When Hannibal had crossed the Alps into Italy he established himself in winter quarters in one of the finest houses in Capua. While walking one day in the garden he heard a sweet voice near at hand. Struck by the charm of its tones he went for the singer and became so enamored of her that he at once attached her to his household and disposed of her hapless husband by beheading him. Retribution quickly followed this outrage. The balance of the winter was devoted to pleasure. Drill and discipline were neglected, and as spring came on the Carthaginian army was so demoralized that its prestige was lost, and the downfall of Hannibal followed.

Carrot Jam.

Our best carrots are sold to jam-makers. We have made from 30 shillings to 45 shillings per ton, according to season. The carrots are washed clean in the field and taken to the station in our bags. At the station we drop them into clean sugar bags. And who but ourselves knows what the bags contain? Why, if any one saw a consignment of carrots for a jam factory the firm would soon be in ill repute. It would not do. I say emphatically jam—the very best jam—can be and is made from carrots and vegetable marrows.—Letter in London Mail.

Velocity of Meteorites.

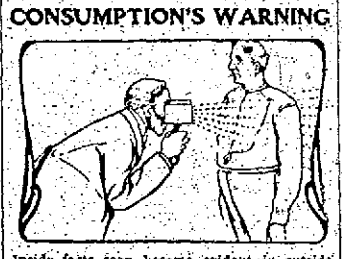
It is no wonder that stones which fall from the regions of space are fired by the impact when they strike our atmosphere. Astronomers estimate that they fall with a velocity of at least 60,000 yards per second. This extraordinary speed is best understood by comparing it with a ball from a modern cannon, which never travels with a speed greater than 600 yards per second.

Evolution.

"Has he changed his style of living much since he inherited this vast wealth?"

"No; simply changed from secondhand clothes to secondhand dishes and furniture."—Life.

CONSUMPTION'S WARNING



Inside facts soon become evident in outside symptoms.—Dr. G. G. Green.

¶The aid of scientific inventions is not needed to determine whether your lungs are affected. The first symptoms can be readily noted by anyone of average intelligence.

¶There is no disease known that gives so many plain warnings of its approach as consumption, and no serious disease that can be so quickly reached and checked if the medicine used is Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which is made to cure consumption.

¶It is in the early stages that German Syrup should be taken, when warnings are given in the cough that won't quit, the congestion of the bronchial tubes and the gradual weakening of the lungs, accompanied by frequent expectoration.

¶But no matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has already attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble.

¶New trial bottles, 25c. Regular size, 75c. At all druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

Comparison Proves OUR CLOTHING BEST.

COMPARE OUR $10.00 SUIT OR OVERCOATS with what's sold elsewhere at $12.50.

COMPARE OUR $12.50 SUITS OR OVERCOATS with what's sold elsewhere at $15.00.

COMPARE OUR $15.00 SUITS OR OVERCOATS with what's sold elsewhere at $20.00.

COMPARISON will prove that our Clothing is made as well as Clothing can be made—is thoroughly stylish—fits well—wears splendidly, and costs 15 to 20% less than other clothing.

WM. MONHEIMER.

SMETHPORT.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

Nothing tends to produce harmony at the Family board in such large chunks as

Buckwheat Pancakes

and

Maple Syrup

Fresh ground Buckwheat in 5 and 10 lb. sacks, 35c.

Maple Syrup in quart bottles and gallon cans

We take pride not alone in keeping the quality up to the highest standard, but also in giving your orders prompt attention. On this basis let us serve you.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

NEW FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

THIS WEEK we are showing a large and beautiful stock of MILLINERY. Elegant designs in trimmed hats, new ideas in ready-to-wears, and in fact everything that is new and stylish.

If you need a new winter coat don't forget to look at our stock. We carry a full line for ladies, misses and children. Prices very reasonable.

ALSO A NEW LINE OF FURS.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN'S

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WITH THE CRUSHED FRUITS CAN NOW BE HAD.

The Every Evening Mirror

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms.—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1oo per column per annum; payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 19, 1905.

Republican Ticket

STATE.

For State Treasurer,
J. LEE PLUMMER,
of Hollidaysburg.

For Supreme Court Justice,
HON. JOHN STEWART,
of Chambersburg.

For Superior Court Judges,
CHARLES E. RICE,
of Wilkesbarre,
GEORGE B. ORLADY,
of Huntingdon,
JAMES N. BEAVER,
of Bellefonte.

COUNTY.

FOR SHERIFF,
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
J. B. EASTMAN.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
GUY B. MAYO.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
W. H. MORRISON.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
J. A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
OSCAR ENGSTROM,
C. W. FREEMAN.

SIR HENRY IRVING died in Bradford, England, on Friday. He was one of the world's great actors and had done much for the elevation of his chosen profession. His death is deeply mourned.

THE week from next Tuesday is election day and every Republican voter should go to the polls and cast his vote for the party. Every man can vote if he will, but if you stay at home on election day your best friend may be the one to go down to defeat through the thoughtlessness of you and the other stay at homes.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will be given a great reception in the South if present plans work out according to the program. The South did not vote for him, but it admires "Teddy" at the present writing and is willing to forget that he dined at the same table with a colored man. Roosevelt by the force of his Americanism and his manhood has overcome the prejudices of his former opponents, North and South. He is without doubt the most popular President that ever occupied the executive chair.—Bradford Era.

THE following truth from the Kane Republican applies to any town: All of the people of the community are benefitted by the growth of legitimate enterprise, and all should strive to bring capital and energy into combination to establish new industries suitable to local conditions. Whether certain persons or certain business interests or certain property holders derive special benefits from the building of new plants is not the material question. The broad consideration of general benefits should govern public sentiment, and the probability of attractive returns should influence personal investment. General benefits and individual profits have followed the induction of all new enterprises into this community, and nowhere else has the investment of Kane money proved as safe and profitable.

THE newspaper in a country town or village, says the Friendship Register, is one of the principle agencies for its development. Whenever an enterprise is launched the aid of the newspaper is invoked in its favor. If townspeople as a whole want to give an entertainment, the newspaper is asked to give a liberal notice of that fact, which it always does. The newspaper, aside from giving the news to the readers, is for the purpose of "boosting" anything and everything either to bring in financial profit or amusement to the people of the community in which it is published. It is in a position to assist any enterprise and it does it. The only recompense asked for the publisher of the newspaper who helps along the enterprise in which his townspeople are interested and by which they profit, is their patronage in the line of advertising and job printing. It costs something to "boost," and "thank yous" don't go as collateral for labor, paper, gas, insurance or rent and other bills.

THERE is certainly something doing, politically, in Philadelphia. Last night a mass meeting was held in that city, and Gov. Pennypacker was the "headliner." The gov. strongly opposed the City party's movements and advised all citizens to vote against it. He endorsed Mayor Weaver's reform work, but blamed him as a politician for using municipal machinery to fight against the Republican party. Mayor Weaver has other troubles. On Tuesday the committee of select councils met to investigate the department and ascertain the reason for the wholesale removals by the mayor. Mr. Weaver and several superintendents of departments asked permission to attend the session. No attention was paid to their request so they appeared on the scene without invitation. A few minutes later the sergeant-at-arms politely informed the party that inasmuch as only witnesses and newspaper men would be admitted to the room they would have to retire. After making a further request to be allowed to remain, Mayor Weaver and his friends departed.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., Oct. 14, 1905.

There have been few, if any of our Presidents who have ever felt themselves in a position so secure that they could have risked ridicule. This President Roosevelt has done on two occasions or late and the fact that he has escaped is perhaps one of the finest tributes to respect in which he is held throughout the country. Courage, is one of the President's characteristics, whether it be the courage which carried him up San Juan Hill, the courage to defy the United States Senate or the courage to propound the Anti-race suicide doctrine. More recently still, scorning the funny paragrapher he launched the "clean football" propaganda and as much to his astonishment perhaps, as any other person's, there has been no one to ridicule his action. Of all the Democratic Presidents there has been none quite so democratic as the present one, and as an interesting contradiction, it must be admitted there has been none accorded so freely or so broadly the right use of abuse. In his multitudinous and eclectic interests there is nothing affecting the people that he considers unworthy of his attention and as to its future effect upon his career he is apparently without concern, as little so as his friend, Secretary Root whose expression; "The things one finds, to do are substance and the things one tries to get are shadow," has become famous.

Robert Bacon of New York took the oath of office Wednesday and qualified as Assistant Secretary of State to succeed Francis B. Loomis. As it happened Secretary Root was absent from the city and by the virtue of the fact that Mr. Bacon outranks both the second and third assistant secretaries, who have held their offices for several years, he was obliged to begin his services in the Department as acting Secretary of State. The effect of Mr. Bacon's appointment to the important position of Assistant Secretary is still a matter of interest and conjecture. It is an experiment on the part of the administration to appoint to an influential position a "Wall Street man" and may raise issues for future political difficulties. There have been none yet, however to question the ability of Mr. Bacon and there are many who predict that American diplomacy in the far East as concerns the disposition of American capital in the Japanese development of Chinese railways could not be in better hands. To those who see in his wealth and superior education a cause for distrust his friends are pointing with pride to his clean record in finance and personal character, and insuring that the Department of State cannot suffer by the change from Mr. Loomis, whose "coruscating innocence" in the Venezuelan affair had been so often proved. Whatever Mr. Bacon may be or do as Assistant Secretary of State he is personally an interesting character. So handsome as to be known in Wall street as the "Greek God" he is a man of education, wealth and distinguished bearing. He is an athlete and a linguist; a man of social accomplishments and habits and fitted apparently in many ways for important diplomatic work. He has been a director in the United States Steel Corporation, the Northern Securities Company, the National City Bank and other large corporations, and it may be presumed that his education in practical affairs will not have unfitted him for the responsibilities of office.

One of the most interesting topics at present in Washington is the discussion of the article which appeared in a German paper alleging the "rottenness" of the American army. Secretary Taft and Admiral Dewey have been interviewed and while neither will admit that the American army is rotten or is made up of "miserable material and inferior to the army of Russia," they do make admissions that there are faults in its organization.

Secretary Taft thinks that the army has not had the benefit of extensive manoeuvers such as the European armies have had and as a result the officers might not be so effective in conducting great forces in the field.

Admiral Dewey goes a good deal further and voices a general conviction among the public outside the navy that "naval officers are too old for their ranks." He says, "the Nation will assuredly meet with disaster in a naval war unless younger men are given command of our ships, and I say this," he adds, "because I am old myself." He attributes a great part of the success of the Japanese on the sea to the fact that the officers in command were of about the age of our Naval aids and Lieutenants, and therefore able to withstand the hardships and rigors of the long blockade of Port Arthur. He said much in praise of the enlisted men in contradiction of the German assertion that there was no patriotism in the army or navy, but it is evident that he considers the necessity of placing younger men in command of our ships, an imperative one if we would not court disaster for the future.

About the time that the Admiral was discussing the reform in the personnel of the navy, the Bankers in Annual Convention here were passing a resolution favoring a national ship subsidy which would have for its direct result the improvement of American trade, but which by no great strength of the imagination may be seen would have an indirect bearing on the navy of our country. Those nations great in naval strength have had a merchant marine to draw from. Though our country is bounded on three sides by the ocean, we since the civil war have not had a seafaring people and must man our warships from the farm and factory. Germany and England have superior navies in part from the fact that they are manned by experienced seamen whose training has been received on merchant and passenger vessels.

For Sale.

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purtle, Smethport, Pa.

New styles in queen quality shoes at Lindholm's.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 14, 1905:

Mrs. Lou Crosby, Miss Josephine Christenson, Dor. Chandler, W. E. Dawson, Leslie Foster, Nelson Martin, J. J. Masters, Philander Richardson, Mrs. Frank B. Whitney, Foreign—Simon Lirt, Horveith Dertalan.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

The latest, cheapest and best children's coats. The Lindholm Co.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Mehlin Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

The Johnston Store.

SPECIAL DISPLAY OF

WOMENS SUITS and COATS

AT THE

Wright House

ONE DAY ONLY, MONDAY, OCT. 23.

MISS SEWARD, representing The Johnston Store, will be at the WRIGHT HOUSE with a full line of all the latest FALL STYLES of WOMEN'S SUITS and COATS.

JEWEL
STOVES
They have maintained supremacy in the face of world wide competition for more than forty years
3 800000 MADE and SOLD
You run no risk when you buy a JEWEL

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

H. C. WELLS

THE LEADING PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT, - PA.

O, pickling, pickling time is here,
The busiest time of all the year,
We'll furnish before old memories fade,
For pickles like your grandmother made;
Vinegar, sugar and spice,
Onions and peppers; very nice.

Heinz Distilled Pickling Vinegar	35c gal.
Heinz Best Cider Vinegar	25c gal.
Mixed Pickling Spices	5c pkg.

Allspice, Cinnamon, Cloves, Mustard and Pepper, Celery, Mustard Seed, Tumeric.

FRUIT JARS.

Wier Pottery Co.'s Pat. Stone Jars. Royal, Doolittle and Mason Glass Jars. Jar Rings, Caps and Tips for Mason Jars. COME AND SEE US.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Rochester Business Institute

A LEADER IN ITS FIELD.

Not a graduate of last year's class out of a position. Present enrolment much larger than that of last year. The managers are the authors of the leading series of commercial text books. Registration on every Monday. Send for catalogue.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

NEW FALL HATS

Green is very nifty and I have them in three shades. Everything new in headgear at

$1.00 1.50 3.00

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 and 20c 10 and 20c

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

Ask for free October Style Book. Orders for Fall and Winter Catalogues now taken 10 c each.

FALL AND WINTER MDSE.

Would like to call your attention to the fact that I have purchased my new line of fall merchandise while in New York, and it is now ready for your inspection.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

September 26, 1905.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN
Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN

—THE LEADING TAILOR.—

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of

TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES

were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

SUMMER CLOTHES

Must be a thing of the past. They felt mighty thin these last few nights and morning. Didn't they?

The woman wearing a summer suit will shortly be looked on with compassion by her more fortunate or more provident neighbor.

Last winter suits won't do either. It's a back number now. Have you seen those

NEW FALL SUITS AND COATS

IN LINDHOLM'S WINDOW?

Don't they look tempting? Does any other store show such an array? No verily, nothing near like them.

But we do not devote all our time to Ladies' Coats and Suits. We look to the wants of all, and have nice warm coats for children and for baby too.

Tams and Bonnets, all styles,
39 to $1.75.

A complete line of the ANVIS FURS. Prices to suit all.

JUST TWO MORE WORDS

Cotton Blankets Table Damask.

Cotton Blankets white tan and grey. With borders of pink, blue, red and tan.

50c, 60c, 65c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.40

Table Damask Yes we are in a position to save you much on your table linen, if you will let us. We have purchased two bales of mill ends from the mills, and are going to pass these on to you at a price. If you will buy these from the piece we will have to charge you $1.25 to $1.50 a yard.

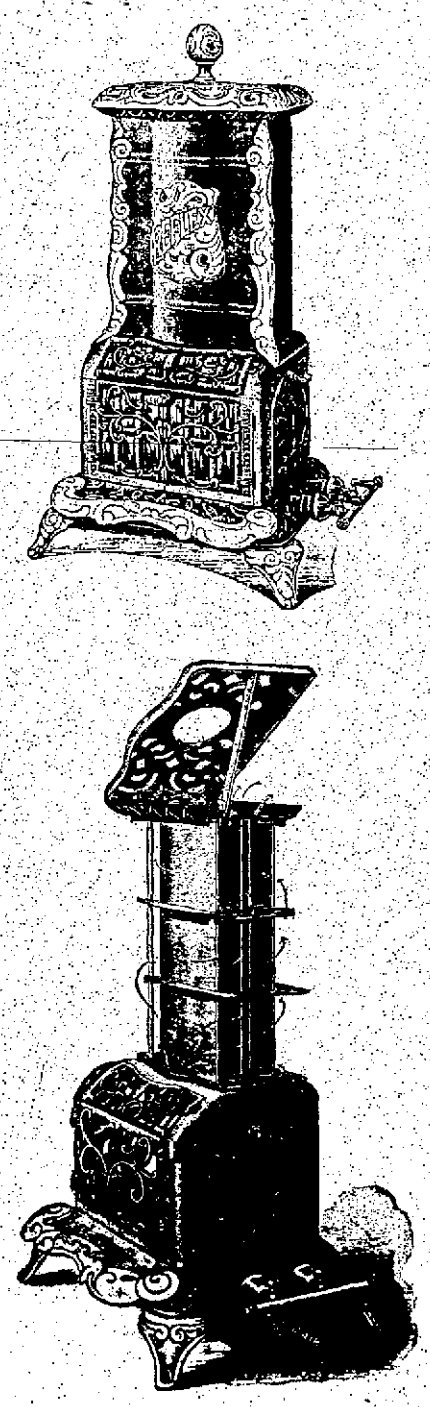
These mill ends will go while they last at only

98c a yard.

Think of it, only 98c.

The Lindholm Co.

THE REFLEX.



The lower cut shows very plainly the special interior construction of the famous REFLEX Gas Heater. This construction points out both EFFICIENCY and ECONOMY. The very large area exposed for radiation is the strong and simple feature of the superiority of the REFLEX over all previously constructed gas heaters. Reference to the cut, showing sectional view of the heating drum, illustrates the long passages for hot air circulation, so constructed that a complete warming of the cold air from the floor is produced with a minimum consumption of gas. The large mica surface in the combustion chamber secures the greatest possible radiation from that section. The bottom of the stove is so made that heating the floor directly underneath to the point of danger is avoided.

The REFLEX is made in five sizes. We have all five in stock. We want you to see this line before buying a heater.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 19, 1905

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read the new millinery ad of Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

—Strong, the plumber, has a change of ad on another page.

—Some good prices on underwear are quoted in Fry & Comes' ad.

—What comparison will prove is shown in Monheimer's new ad—read it.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m.

—R. C. Gleason is having some extensive repairs and alterations made to his residence on Mill street.

—As usual The Lindholm Company is on hand this week with a bright and attractive ad that will please the ladies.

—Many of our citizens and business men are of the opinion that we need a day police. What do our councilmen think of this question?

—A man at Hazelhurst was caught red-handed last week with seven birds in the good which he had shot in the woods. He was assessed 10 plunks for each bird and the costs.—Mt. Jewett News.

—The Euchre Club met with Miss Gertrude Walker Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Scott Walker won the prize for progression; Mrs. Guy McCoy, the one for lone hands and Miss Ethel Gifford, the guest's prize.

—The Judge R. J. Gaffney's fast horseless flyer, was the winner of the free-for-all race at Bloomsburg, Pa., on Saturday. The racer has earned over $10,000 in purses during his career on the track.—Mt. Jewett News.

—Mr. Buckley of Annin Creek was present last Sunday at the Baptist church and delivered the morning address instead of Rev. Day. Mr. Buckley was one of the officers of the Association of Baptists lately held at Ulysses.

—There is nothing so stimulating as a good hearty laugh. It beats all the tonics and other medicines that has ever been discovered. If you want to get yourself braced up, go see "The Missouri Girl" at the Lyceum on Thursday evening, Oct. 26.

—Smethport is improving industrially and in the beauty of design and appearances of its homes and business places. Scarcely a burg in this section has more sublime mountain scenery, the hills standing sentinel like over it.—Kane Leader.

—Services as usual in the Baptist church next Sunday, morning worship at 10:45, Bible school at 12, Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 and evening worship at 7:30. Morning subject, "The Touch of Love," evening subject, "Voices from the McKean County Fair." All are invited to attend these services, strangers cordially welcomed.

—Rev. E. A. Harris, the newly appointed pastor of the M. E. church at this place, preached his initiatory sermons last Sunday before two large congregations. Mr. Harris is a bright and powerful speaker and will doubtless do much good in our community. He expects to get his family settled in the parsonage within a few days.

—Among the coming attractions at the Smethport Lyceum this winter are: Oct. 26, The Missouri Girl; Nov. 1, Happy Hooligan; Nov. 6, Along the Kennebec; Nov. 13, In the Wrong House; Nov. 28, The Sign of the Four; Nov. 29, The Village Parson; Dec. 6, The New Boll Boy Co.; Dec. 13, The Holy City; Dec. 26, The New Minister; Jan. 3, The Royal Slave.

—Mrs. James D. McGregor, of Elmhurst, Pa., desires to know the whereabouts of her son, John E. McGregor, (or MacGregor) who has not been heard from for many months. The mother had fears that it may be he who was found near Clermont and taken to the McKean county home where he died, but this is not the case for that McGregor was 61 years old. Mr. McGregor was about 25 years of age and had his initials tatooed on his arm.

—Veterans of the famous Bucktail regiment, the Thirteenth Pennsylvania Reserves, dedicated at Gettysburg, recently, a tablet where Colonel Fred Taylor, their commander, fell early in the engagement in the "valley of death" where the Fifth corps did such valiant service. Col. E. A. Irvin of Curwensville, made the leading address. The tablet is within 50 yards of the monument erected by the state in honor of Col. Taylor and his brave regiment.

—Master Noble Schoonmaker through his teacher, Mrs. Harry Wells, has just received from the Hutch Music Company of Philadelphia, a very pretty diploma for the completion of Grade No. 1 of the National Graded Course. This firm offer a diploma for every grade satisfactorily completed, and it will prove an incentive to the young people to have better lessons. The course is illustrated by such distinguished teachers and pianists as Wm. Mason, Wm. Sherwood Mathews, Liebling, Kroeger, Wilson Smith, MacDougall, Henry Hanchett and Jaroslan De Zielinski.

For Sale.

Four good business horses. Four second hand open and top buggies. Good business wagon, one surrey. All bargains. A. T. PALMER,
Smethport, Pa.

These cold nights are just the time your horse needs a stable blanket. Ask your horse then see Holmes & Gilfillan about it.

Cotton blankets for cold nights. Lots of them at Lindholm's.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman visited in Hazelhurst this week.

Orlo J. Hamlin had business in Philadelphia this week.

Prothonotary S. E. Bell was in New York City this week.

T. H. Pinecoast left Sunday on a business trip to Baltimore.

W. B. Fry was down from Hazelhurst on business Tuesday.

W. J. Milliken, Esq., of Bradford had business in town yesterday.

A. W. Colegrove left Monday for a hunting trip in Potter county.

Scott McClure has returned from a short visit with friends in Austin.

S. F. Redfield left Tuesday for New York City where he intends to make his future home.

Mrs. W. O. Herzog and the Misses Orra and Margaret Biever are passing a few days in Buffalo.

Joseph Campbell left Monday for Pittsburg after an extended visit to his parents in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Corwin were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Grabo of Bradford this week.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence of Mt. Jewett was the guest of Miss Josephine Monroe Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Gordon Studholme of Port Allegany was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder, this week.

H. H. Redfield, F. C. Gleason, G. H. McCoy and D. M. Binsted drove to Bradford Tuesday in Mr. Redfield's auto.

S. E. Redfield, C. C. Choate and Ned Newman were guests at the Country Club reception at Bradford Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weaver and children, who have been visiting relatives in town, have returned to their home in Davis, W. Va.

Miss Lucile M. Hinman left this week for Edinboro where she has accepted a position as instructor in the Edinboro State Normal School.

C. C. Choate and J. Lawrence Morrison returned Monday from a pleasure trip to New York, Washington, Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

Mrs. J. E. Wardner of St. Regis Falls, N. Y., and Mrs. Edward Becker of Olean, are the guests of Mrs. G. H. Denning of Green street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield and son, Hamlin, and Mr. and Mrs. G. H. McCoy arrived home Monday from an automobile trip to Ellicottville, N. Y.

Robert Schlosser, who has been employed with Holmes & Gilfillan, left for Bradford Monday to take a position in the hardware store of Geo. A. Bothlie.

Mrs. Voorhees Injured.

On Wednesday of fair week Mrs. J. W. Voorhees fell through a defective sidewalk and fractured her leg. She was going from her home on Northumberland avenue to the fair grounds and had proceeded but a short distance when she stepped in a hole with the above result. Not realizing how serious she had been hurt Mrs. Voorhees proceeded to the fair but the pain became unbearable and she was assisted to her home where it was found that she had not only suffered a fracture near the ankle but that several ligaments had been severed. She will be confined to the house for some time.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Did you see the Mill Ends of table damask at Lindholm's?

AT

MRS. M. L. BISETT'S

you will find the late styles in

FALL SHIRT WAISTS, NEW NECKWEAR

the latest things in

HAND BAGS

and many other correct novelties for Fall Wear.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett

THE CITY STORE.

W. A. Grinard

Successor to Geo. L. Smith & Co

AUTOMOBILE & BICYCLE REPAIRING

Automobile Sundries
Nickel Plating
and Polishing.

257 N. Union St. Olean, N. Y.

FRY & COMES

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

BARKER COLLARS 2 for 25c

TIME TO PUT ON THE

Winter Underwear

We're ready with stocks of winter wear goods of such excellent value that you can make your purchase here at a considerable advantage in extra wear and satisfaction.

For a starter we offer a wonderful bargain in a men's black fleeced underwear at less than half its value.

We took all there was left of the lot hence the big price concession. Be on hand early Friday morning. They won't be sold before.

225 Men's black fleeced shirts and drawers at 19c
They would be a bargain at 40c.
We can't get any more at the price. Be quick if you want them. All sizes.

Men's Fleeced Underwear. Light blue and brown. Each at. 50c

Men's Underwear in wool and wool fleece at $1.00

Men's Underwear, all wool grays and Tans at 1.25 to 1.50

Men's Union Suits blues and greys at 1.50, 2.00, 3.75

LADIES FLEECED UNDERWEAR AT 25 and 50c

LADIES WOOL UNDERWEAR 1.00 and 1.25

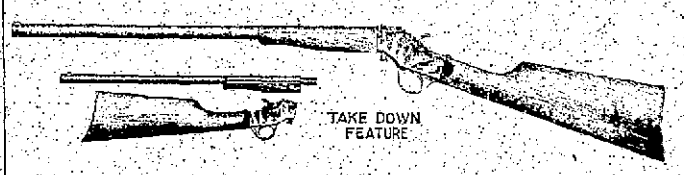
LADIES UNION SUITS AT 50c to 2.00

CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

Complete assortment in cotton fleeced and wool garments.

FRY & COMES.

GUNS



As the Hunting Season is now open you will need a good gun either in a double or single barrel. A little ammunition too. We carry the Winchester Shells.

See our stock before going elsewhere.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND HARDWARE, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP,

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top

SMETHPORT - PENN'A.

Watch Repairing

Diamond Mounting

and Engraving.

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

AFTER THE SQUALL

By HONORE WILLSIE

Copyright, 1903, by Honore Willsie

The lake lay smooth and dark like a piece of smoked glass. Along the shore the early green of the trees melted into the hazy gray of the sky. At the college pier the reflection of the pier posts wavered serenely from the reflected roof of the boathouse.

"Fit to give one the nightmares," Peggy exclaimed as Jack handed her carefully into the boat.

"It does look squally," said Jack, taking up the oars; "the sky, I mean, not the reflection."

"Pooh!" answered Peggy, curling herself up in the stern of the boat. "Do you suppose I'm going to let the prospect of a mere squall spoil my first boat ride of the year? Besides, we both can swim, can't we?"

Jack stared at Peggy with what was intended for a look of withering disdain.

"You bet, Peggy, if I thought there was any danger in this stunt I'd not take you."

Peggy raised her eyebrows. "Jack, what is the matter with you? Are you trying to be proud and haughty in my old sweater? My child, please recall that you had to be spanked into having your face washed. It is now, oh, Jack, too late to make an impression on my fresh young heart, I'—

"Gee, but you're crazy!" murmured Jack.

"And I," went on Peggy, ignoring the interruption, "I wish to state that this sudden development of courtesy in one who has pulled my hair and whose ears I have boxed both in sorrow and in anger makes me feel the necessity of reminding you that it is useless for you to fuss and put on airs, for you are nothing but a freshman after all."

Jack dug his oars viciously into the water, splashing his own red jersey and Peggy's white sweater.

"Strikes me you uttered the same day I did. What time does that bloomin' matriculating 'exam' have to be back?"

"Six o'clock. Otherwise it's Peggy before the house committee, and the Botany club depends on me to get the lilacs to them before 7," she answered, making herself into a still smaller ball in the stern seat. The boat leaked a little.

"Oh, we'll be back in time easy. We'll reach the pines in half an hour."

Peggy looked a little anxiously at the sky. "That wind is coming up, Jack," she said. "I guess I'll get out the extra oars and help."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," answered Jack. "It's not a girl's work."

Peggy looked up quickly, then smiled to herself and settled back in her place again. It was very still and sheltered among the pines. The soft new needles smelled deliciously of spring, and the wind was only a faraway sigh in the treetops. The pine trees murmured, robins flickered among the soft fuzz of the new needles. Suddenly Jack pulled out his watch.

"Gee whiz," he said, "it's five minutes of 6."

Peggy could feel herself going white. "Jack," she gasped, "it's not a funny joke to be hauled up by the house committee. They are all seniors, and no one is so hard on a freshman as a senior. They have been through all these scrapes and know how to strike hard."

They ran to the shore. In the shelter of the pines they had not realized that a heavy squall had grown out of the light wind of the afternoon. The water was thick with whitecaps, and the wind tore across the lake as if determined to aid the house committee against the delinquent Peggy.

Jack looked out at the water with lips tight pressed. "Peggy," he said, "I'll not venture out with you with a sea like that one, house committee or no house committee."

"Jack Howard," replied Peggy, "you've got to."

"Peggy!" He threw back his shoulders, and Peggy, with dignity. "Peggy, you are not going to be drowned while I am around. I tell you I will not go till the squall is over."

Peggy threw back her girlish shoulders and cried Jack with even greater dignity than his own:

"I'll not speak to you, Jack Howard, until you launch that boat." And with this she pulled her tam o' shanter down over her curly hair, walked back to the edge of the pines and, sitting down in the needles, stared with marked indifference at the sky above Jack's head.

Jack stood irresolute for a moment. Peggy had never looked more tantalizing. The white tam shaded a face that was almost irresistible, and he was conscious of an insane desire to obey the behests of that capricious, curly head even though so doing might lead to the bottom of the lake. But another look at the water and he withdrew to the foot of the tree opposite Peggy's. After lighting his pipe he studied his boots with impassive face. Minute after minute went by, and the cold spring dusk came on.

"I'm just freezing to this old pine tree," thought Peggy, "but I just won't give in. Doesn't he look dear and tragic, though? I wouldn't have missed this row for anything. Rows do bring out the character so. Now, who would have thought that I could be so firm?"

Little by little as the night settled down the wind sank, and as it sank a fine misting rain set in. Lake and shore, pines and sky slowly melted into one gray green tone that gave Peggy a shiver of desolation. Jack looked at his watch.

"Half past 7, Peggy," he said. "I am going to launch the boat."

They rowed out into the lake in dignified silence. Peggy, in her old place in the stern, snuggled down into her sweater and wondered how long she must maintain her difficult isolation.

Finally, "We ought to be home in three-quarters of an hour," came in soothing tones from Jack's end of the boat.

No answer from the stern.

"A nasty rain," from the rower's bench.

No reply.

"It's almost too dark to steer, isn't it?" was inquired tenderly.

Still no reply.

Heavier and heavier grew the darkness, and wetter and wetter became the white sweater and the red jersey.

"Oughtn't we to be there by now?" asked a nervous little voice from Peggy's end of the boat.

Jack hauled in his oars, struck a match and looked at his watch. "Gads!" he exclaimed, "it's a quarter after 8. Where in thunder have we got to?"

"There seems to be nothing around us," said Peggy, "but water."

"Steer more to the right, Peggy," said Jack. Then, after half an hour, "Try it to the left."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Peggy. "It's so dark. If we only could find a little something to land on!"

"Now, Peggy, dear," said Jack, "don't be frightened. I'll save you. I calculate that we are clear across the lake by now, and we will land at one of the lake farms and get some one to drive up to town. If we assure the house committee that we have been chaperoned ever since 6 o'clock they won't do very much to you."

"Oh, won't they!" said Peggy derisively. "You don't know them, my dear. They will have the time of their lives over me."

"Then," answered Jack firmly, "they will have me to reckon with."

"Isn't he romantic?" thought Peggy. Then aloud, "Oh, Jack, Jack, there is a light!" And in an instant they were bumping pier posts, the rough sides of which were eagerly grasped by the bedraggled pair in the rowboat. They landed and tied the boat.

"Hey, what's doing down there?" called a man's voice from the shore.

Jack took Peggy's hand. "The owner of the place," he said to her softly. Then he called, "I'm lost with a lady."

There was silence from the shore, and then the man's voice came back through the rain:

"Lost! Who are you?"

"I'm John Howard of Hull university."

"All right, come along, Mr. Howard."

Jack and Peggy walked carefully up the pier, and through the rain they saw a great building that seemed strangely close to the water for a farmhouse. A man whose face they could not see in the darkness stepped forward.

"Come right in," he said and threw open a door. There on a long bench that faced a racing shell sat a dozen men.

"Hello, Howard!" said one in a surprised sort of way.

With one gasp of disgust Jack pulled Peggy back out of the light.

"The varsity boathouse!" he groaned as they hurried across the campus. "Gee, I have done it! We'll never hear the end of this. We must have rowed clear around that confounded lake. And the way I announced it to that chump who invited us in! We'll never hear the end of this."

"And my dose is a double one," groaned Peggy. "Think of the house committee."

Jack left her at the door of Rose cottage, and Peggy slowly climbed the stairs to report to the matron. But instead of fear a little tremor of joy made her throat quiver, and the prospect of her interview with the house committee was not even a needle point shadow on the clear serenity of her happiness, for as he said good night Jack had held her hand and whispered:

"Never mind, dear, we'll grin and bear it together. Won't we?"

Van Buren's Answers.

One day the merits of Van Buren were being discussed by a party of politicians on a Hudson river steamboat. One of the party had been dwelling on his noncommittalism and complaining that a plain answer to a plain question was never elicited from him.

"I'll wager dinners for the company," added he, "that if one of us shall go down to the cabin and ask Van Buren the simplest question that can be thought of he will evade a direct answer. Yes, and I'll give you leave, too, to tell Van Buren why you ask the question, and that there is a bet depending on the reply."

This seemed fair enough. One of the party was deputed to go down and try the experiment.

He found Van Buren, whom he knew well, in the saloon and said:

"Mr. Van Buren, some gentlemen on the upper deck have been accusing you of noncommittalism and have just laid a wager that you would not give a plain answer to the simplest question, and they deputed me to test the fact. Now, sir, allow me to ask you, 'Where does the sun rise?'"

Mr. Van Buren's brow contracted. He hesitated a moment, then said:

"The terms east and west are conventional, but"—

"That'll do," interrupted the interrogator. "We have lost the bet!"

And Got Rid of It.

Mrs. Pitley—They say he is so unkind to his wife. Mr. Pitley—That shows how people misjudge a man. I know it to be a fact that he spent one whole year endeavoring to make a satisfactory investment of his wife's money.—Town and Country.

INSURANCE.

Life Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA

In good, reliable companies

THE GAME OF LIFE.

Your Own Resolution, and Not Fate, Deals the Cards.

Many a man has tried to justify his failure on the ground that he was doomed by the cards which fate dealt him, that he must pick them up and play the game and that no effort, however great, on his part could materially change the result. But, my young friend, the fate that deals your cards is in the main your own resolution. The result of the game does not rest with fate or destiny, but with you. You will take the trick if you have the superior energy, ability and determination requisite to take it. You have the power within yourself to change the value of the cards which, you say, fate has dealt you. The game depends upon your training, upon the way you are disciplined, to seize and use your opportunities and upon your ability to put grit in the place of superior advantages.

Just because circumstances do sometimes give clients to lawyers and patients to physicians, put commonplace clergymen in uncommon pulpits and place the sons of the rich at the head of great corporations even when they have only average ability and scarcely any experience, while poor youths with greater ability and more experience often have to fight their way for years to obtain ordinary situations, are you justified in starting out without a chart or in leaving a place for luck in your programme? What would you think of the captain of a great liner who would start out to sea without any port in view and trust to luck to land his precious cargo safely?

Did you ever know of a strong young man making out his life programme and depending upon chance to carry out any part of it? Men who depend upon "luck" do not think it worth while to make a thorough preparation for success. They are not willing to pay the regular price for it. They are looking for bargains. They are hunting for short cuts to success.

Power gravitates to the man who knows how. "Luck is the tide; nothing more. The strong man rows with it; it makes toward his port. He rows against it if it flows the other way."—Success.

WAYS OF SWEDEN.

It is light all night in summer and dark all day in winter.

Although drinking is common, one seldom sees a drunken man.

Everybody trusts you, and you are expected to trust everybody.

You take off your hat when you enter a shop and return the shopman's low bow.

A servant who brings you something says, "So good." You say, "Tack" (thanks).

You get a bill every day at the hotel. This permits you to correct any mistakes at once.

A barber will shave you for 5 cents, but you have to wash your own face and comb your own hair.

Tips are everywhere given, but they are small. Ten ore (2½ cents) is the ordinary tip to a cabman or porter.

A lady always waits for a gentleman to speak instead of the reverse, as in America.—Minneapolis Journal.

How a Great Actor Lived.

Charles Matthews, one day previous to the period of his publicly proclaimed dire bankruptcy, invited a friend to dine with him. The walnuts were washed down by some rare sherry. "That's a delicious wine," his friend exclaimed. "It must have cost you a lot of money." "It didn't cost me anything that I know of," the flighty comedian answered, with a shrug. "You had it given to you, then?" the friend suggested. "Oh, no," answered Matthews; "I bought it from Ellis, in Bond street!" "But he will charge you something for it?" the friend exclaimed in astonishment. "I believe he does write something down in a book," Charles retorted gravely. "Let's have another glass, my boy."

How John Hay Regarded Critics.

John Hay was chatting about his literary experiences with an intimate friend when the latter asked:

"John, what feature or phase of this writing business has impressed you the most?"

"Well," was the reply, and the speaker's eyes twinkled mischievously, "so far as I am concerned, it's the things that the critics fish out of a fellow's printed stuff that he never put there. But I suppose that critics, like the rest of us, have to show excuses for living."—Success Magazine.

Crockett's Revenge.

There is a story of Crockett of "Stick it Minister" fame to the effect that when he offered his first volume to a Scotch firm they returned it with a polite note assuring him that there was no market for that sort of thing. The letter was marked "No. 396b." In later years, when the same publishers asked him for one of his manuscripts, he politely requested them to refer to their previous correspondence with him marked "396b."

Apparently They Did.

Friend—Did the lawyers get you confused? Ex-Witness—Did they get me confused? Why, I testified that Jones lived next door to me, but I couldn't remember the street number.—Puck.

No Genius.

"If you had a spark of genius," he began crossly to his typewriter.

"I wouldn't be here," she interrupted. And no more was said.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.—Locke.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

JEWISH HUMOR.

Its Flavor of Bitterness and Its Satire of Judaism.

Renan said of the Jews, "The Semitic people are almost entirely without the power to laugh." Surely had he looked for traces of Jewish humor in the light which Heine casts back upon its dark tradition he would never have made so sweeping a statement. For eight years Heine lay upon his "mattress grave" in Paris suffering excruciating agony. He deserved, he said, to have awarded to him "the grand medals of pain and misery." Leopold Zunz said almost the same words of the whole Hebrew people, "If there are ranks in suffering, Israel takes precedence of all the nations." The humor of Israel is flavored with bitterness and plays round the greater subjects of thought and of speculation; plays like the humor of a man in pain.

Listen to the lament of a satirist born at Arles in 1287 who finds the works of the Jewish law an intolerable burden and seems to have come, like Heine, to the bitter conclusion that "Judaism is not a religion, it is a misfortune."

Oh, hapless sire, distraught with cares,
Whose wife to him male children bears,
For all of them, or rich or poor,
Have only suffering to endure.
This is caused by the Jewish creed,
Whose yoke is hard to bear indeed.
Its many laws and regulations
Which are unknown to other nations
Every Hebrew must observe,
With watchful eye and straining nerve,
Even though he stares in public functions,
He still must follow their injunctions.

* * * * * * *

The Bible is not half enough;
Glosses there are and other stuff
To which he oft'ne must be,
Especially in theology.
In all the Talmud may relate,
In authors' quarrels and debate,
In things particularly small,
Of no significance at all.

One more mediæval quotation, this time from the pen of a Barcelona Jew. The lines can hardly perhaps be called humorous, but they illustrate with a certain terse comedy the great value set by the race upon three things—money, knowledge and domestic happiness. If a man has none of them the poet has no better advice to give him than to hold his tongue or to hang himself:

What is the most useful thing to any man in life?
Knowledge, or wealth or a good and loving wife.
But if none of these commodities man has ever got,
Then by keeping golden silence he might improve his lot,
And if he cannot go away at once and dig himself a grave.

On his deathbed Heine made his last joke, and it is typically Jewish. "Recovering his by no means irreprehensible past," he hoped that God might forgive him, "for c'est son metier"—(that is his trade). Another story illustrates yet more perfectly the bitter humor of the Jew. It is the story of a dying rabbi "who had been all his lifetime extremely religious, but had likewise always suffered much want and misery. 'Do you know,' he said to those in the sickroom, 'if after all the sad experiences I have had in the past there is no future life, I shall be greatly amused.'"—London Spectator.

Colophon.

Colophon was a city of ancient Ionia, nine miles north of Ephesus, and near the sea. It was said to be the birthplace of Homer, and near it was a famous oracle of Apollo. The Greek proverb, "To put a colophon to it," meaning to end an affair handsomely, is explained by Strabo as arising from a belief that the cavalry of Colophon was so excellent in quality that their charge was always decisive in a battle. Hence arose the custom of calling any device or monogram or printer's name or sign or date of printing in old printed books a colophon in the sense of a definite, satisfactory end.

Tycho Brahe.

It was the great eclipse of Aug. 21, 1560, that turned Tycho Brahe into an astronomer. He was in his fourteenth year at the time, a Danish boy of noble origin, and had been destined first for the army and then for the law. But the accuracy with which the eclipse was predicted impressed him with the belief that astronomy was a divine thing, and thenceforward he devoted his life to it. The debt of astronomy to Tycho Brahe not only for his own work, but as the man who shaped the genius of Kepler, can scarcely be overestimated.

Dinner In a Bell.

In the tower of Erfurt cathedral hangs a huge bell, ten feet high and thirty feet in circumference, weighing thirteen tons. Within this in July, 1713, dined ten of the town's most opulent burghers on dishes cooked in a kitchen temporarily erected on the beam that supported the ponderous mass of tintinnabulary metal. To celebrate this repast medals were struck, having on the obverse the portraits of the guests and on the reverse the representation of the curious scene.

Use For the Synonym.

Teacher—What is a synonym? Pupil—A word that has the same meaning as another word. Teacher—And why does our language possess synonyms? Pupil—So you can use one when you don't know how to spell the other one.—Exchange.

A Bad Patient.

Friend—I suppose you're always glad to get a patient who's never had any bad habits. Doctor—Indeed I'm not. Friend—How's that? Doctor—Why, man, I can't order him to stop anything.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Some naturalists say that the whale was once a land animal that took to the water for safety.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Church Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—Walter W. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. S. Hardenbergh.
Secy of State and Attorney General—S. H. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Houtz, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. E. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Mason, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McKean, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Paterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Bixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hasberg, Jr., McKean A. Ayer, Ashley J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Greene.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, secy.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—E. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Chase, A. H. Kibler.
Judge of Election—E. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 384, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. E. RANDALL, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets Thursday afternoon at each week in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 18, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. R. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phœnix Chapter No. 255, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. R. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 1:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday, at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches at the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY ALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 28, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg

Train 122, week days ..... 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points O. east, B. daily and points north.

Train 123, week days ..... 4:08 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

5:26 a. m.—Train 12, Sundays, for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:15 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:35 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:35 a. m. week days (10:35 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 p. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:39 a. m. week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:45 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:16 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays Dutilois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for Dutilois and intermediate stations.

4:20 p. m.—Train 85, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

Johnsonburg R. R.

Weekdays.

NORTH A M Lv	STATIONS	SOUTH Ar P M
9:00		11:55
9:20	Ridgway	11:56
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:30
2:50	Glen Hazel	11:15
3:07	Straight	11:04
3:12	Instanter	10:59
3:20	Smith's Run	10:52
3:26	Woodvale	10:45
3:30	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway at 11:55 p. m. for DuBois, Bell Bangs, Pittsburg and intermediate points.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:30 a. m., 12:00 p. m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive			Leave
Bradford	9:00	12:30 p. m.	5:45
Mt. Jewett	8:20	11:50	6:25
Kane	8:00	11:35	6:45
Leave	7:30	11:00	7:15
Bradford	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Kane	7:50	12:20	4:35
Mt. Jewett	8:20	12:50	5:00
	7:34	11:26	4:50
	a. m.	p. m.	

Arriving at Smethport at 8:30 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, R. S. BULLIS,
Gen. Supt. Gen. Pass. Agt.
Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern

In Effect June 15, 1904.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

[illegible] for Mt. Jewett at 7:00 a. m. and 1:00 p. m., connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Bradford.

[illegible] for Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg at 8:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

For Ellis, Ellis Hill and Larrabee at 8:30 a. m., connecting with P. & R. for Buffalo at 12:35 p. m.

For Port Allegany at 12:30 p. m.

For Clermont at 12:30 p. m., St. Marys at 5:15 p. m., Shawmut at 4:22 p. m. and Brockwayville at 4:40 p. m.

For Ellis, Ellis Hill at 8:30 a. m., Olean at 9:15 a. m., connecting with P. & R. for Buffalo at 12:35 p. m.

For Port Allegany at 8:10 p. m., Bolivar at 8:25 p. m., Friendship at 8:55 p. m., Angelica at 9:25 p. m., Hornellsville at 5:50 p. m., Wellsville at 6:25 p. m., connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive—9:00 a. m. from Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane at 8:20 a. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont at 8:22 a. m.—From Hornellsville, Wellsville, Alcona, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean at 2:30 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane at 12:50 p. m.—From Olean and Ellicott.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, C. J. RENWICK,
General Supt. Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	Lv. Ar.	Lv. Westward A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8:05	7:05	2:10	Ulysses	Dp.	7:20	2:25	9:10
7:50	6:53	2:10	Crowell		7:27	2:32	9:10
7:46	0	1:57	Carpenter		0	2:34	9:.
7:40	6:48	1:53	Perkins		7:34	2:37	9:26
7:37	6:45	1:50	Newfield Junc		7:37	2:41	9:34
0	0	1:45	Newfield		7:41	2:46	0
7:05	6:36	1:41	Gold		7:44	2:49	9:.
7:00	6:30	1:35	Raymond		7:49	2:55	9:4.
6:45	6:21	1:24	Seven Bdg's		8:01	3:06	10:0.
6:30	6:17	1:20	Colesburg		8:04	3:09	10:10
6:25	6:10	1:12	Finks		8:12	3:17	10:20
6:15	0	1:05	N. Coudersport		0	3:26	10:35
6:10	6:00	1:00	Dp.	Ar.	8:25	3:30	10:45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport,				P.M
4:20	7:45	12:15	Ar.	Dp.	8:28	6:00	1:25
0	2	12:13	Hammond		0	0	0
4:05	7:38	12:09	Olmsted		8:33	6:05	1:31
3:59	7:35	12:05	Mina		8:37	6:10	1:37
3:45	0	11:59	Knowlton		0	6:17	0
3:40	7:25	11:55	Roulette		8:47	6:21	1:51
3:30	7:16	11:42	Burtville		8:54	6:28	2:0.
3:23	0	11:41	Coleman		0	6:34	0
3:20	0	0	Chem. Wrks		0	0	0
3:15	7:05	11:36	Pt. Allegany		9:08	6:40	2:25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with N. Y. P. & B. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with P. & E. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. MCCLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

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Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

A LORD IN TROUBLE

By DONALD ALLEN

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For the last 200 years it has been the privilege of a certain branch of the British government that the first lord, who would naturally be supposed to be at the head of the department, should get himself into a conflict of the seconds. In other words, he is a figurehead and supposed to be content with the honor of the appointment. If the matter is not understood by the general public, it is thoroughly understood inside the office, and a first lord may take a trip to Africa for his full term for all that will be asked of him at home.

When Lord K. was appointed first lord no one should have better understood that the intention was to honor

THE WASTE PAPER BASKET AND ALL OTHER PLACES WERE SEARCHED.

him and to get him to retire gracefully to his country seat. As a leader he had met a miserable failure. As a politician he was as dangerous to his friends as to his enemies. He was gouty, ill tempered, growing deaf, and the office was to be rid of him without hurting his feelings. Perhaps at first, should know it, the appointment, of that sort is only half appreciated. It was with the air of a martyr that he took up the burden of office, and he carried the British government on his shoulders for the next ten years and, fearing some great calamity if he laid down his burden, Lord K. was the sooner appointed first lord than he took his place and gave the second lord to understand that he intended to run things.

Confusion and consternation arose at once. Lord K. was no more fitted for the position than the humblest workman in England, but who was going to tell the earl and tell him so? He was sure to make blunders and mix things up, and just at that time the government wanted, particularly to have things working smoothly. Some one "higher up" was finally found to give Lord K. a hint that he wasn't expected to meddle with things at headquarters, and the less he said for publication as first lord the better for himself and the government.

"Egad, but I have been appointed first lord and first lord I will be!" was his reply. "I was appointed because I appeared to be the only man in the country who could conduct that department properly, and I do not intend to disappoint my friends of the government. I shall be at my desk the same as any clerk."

Here was an unprecedented state of affairs, and many consultations were held. Even royalty was appealed to. It was admitted on all sides that the first lord would have to step out, but it was also admitted that he was fool enough to raise a row if any more broad hints were given him.

In this emergency an outsider was summoned. He was not only an outsider so far as officialdom was concerned, but outside of politics altogether, and not a hundred people in England knew him by sight. He was asked to do what the queen had said she saw no way of doing herself. He waited one week to see if Lord K. would not fall out of a cab and break his neck, and then he began work.

There being no official room or official desk or official messenger or official anything else for the first lord, he had taken possession of the second lord's quarters and was working to save England and her colonies to posterity when a messenger arrived with an important document. The messenger had come from France in all haste. The document was so important that it was sealed in four places and tied with the reddest of red tape, and the second lord, who carried it to the first lord, looked awed and handled the big envelope with reverence. It was a document not to be opened until the three lords should be seated together in council, and it so happened that the third lord had gone fishing or somewhere else that day. The first lord would be the custodian of the package for the day. It was left in his hands, and as he swelled with pride and dignity he put a paperweight on it and went out to lunch.

Five minutes after his return, an hour and a half later, all England began to tremble. In five more she was perspiring and feeling her knees wabble. The paperweight was still there, but the important document from France was missing. Lord K. grew red and grew pale. He grew weak and he grew strong. He shouted at the top of his voice and he spoke in whispers. The document could not be found.

When he had been reduced to a proper frame of mind he was told by the second lord that he had been criminally careless; that while he sat and ate some spy of some foreign government had walked into the open office and swiped a document that might cost England 100,000 lives and steal from her fish. It was gently intimated that he was known to be his own private foe, and it was hinted that he might have taken the document along to some lunch and left it lying beside the plate. A messenger was rushed off, but he returned with the statement that the waiter had not seen such a paper. He added that the waiter was a low browed, suspicious looking chap and that he was probably a thief.

For two long days a number of first and second and third lords held their breath. The official safe was searched no less than fifty times. The top of a large table was scanned until the eyes of the scanners ached. The waste paper basket, the door, the coal rack, the corners and all other places were searched, but in vain. Two detectives were detailed to watch every movement of the waiter. The calmness who had driven the first lord to lunch and back was put under surveillance. The clerical staff was made to feel that it might find itself in Newgate within the next twenty-four hours, and had New Zealand captured Australia the excitement in that particular department could not have been more intense.

When the first lord and the second lord and the third lord went into secret council for the tenth time, turning over the broom and the dust pan into the hall and stopping up the keyhole of the door, the two latter lords had similar figures to submit. A reward must be offered for the return of the document, and it must be large enough to appeal to the cupidity of the robber. They figured that £50,000 would do it and that the first lord would have to pay it out of his own pocket. If he hadn't been so fat and stupid he would have fainted away. As it was, he was properly crushed for the next proposition. The idea was to have him disappear for a couple of months. When the thief found that no reward was to be offered he might return the document. There was a belief that he was a personal enemy of the first lord and had meant to spite him alone. If the first lord would get out of the country for a few weeks or months the second and third lords would carry on the case with every hope to save England and the honor of the honorable.

The first lord jumped at the opportunity held out. He didn't want to see England plunged into calamity and neither did he want to pay a reward of £50,000. He left the office immediately and hastened home to pack up and start for Switzerland, and a long breath of relief extended from the second lord down to the smallest messenger boy. Some one was paid a large fee for work done, and the incident was closed—that is, the first lord wrote back weekly to ask if the document had been found, and the second lord answered as regularly that it had not, but he was still hot on the trail. After six or eight weeks had passed the first lord was one day handed the missing document by a disguised man who fled on the instant, but the lord retired to his bedroom and opened the envelope. There was a document. It was a written receipt for making French cottage cheese. The first lord shut one eye and sat and thought for an hour. Then the light dawned, and he laid the document aside and whispered:

"A man may be a first lord and a first ass at the same time, and I'm a living example of the fact!"

A Responsive Audience.

A well known player, whose forte is romantic comedy, tells an amusing story in connection with the production some years ago of an unsuccessful comedy. This comedy was a dire failure, drawing but meager audiences. The record in this respect was reached when the curtain rose on a Wednesday matinee in Brooklyn, with fifteen persons in the house. In the front of the house there was but one occupant—a young girl in the second row. In the first row of the balcony sat one young man.

The play opened with a scene on the deck of a yacht, and as the leading man emerged from the cabin and gazed into the empty gulf before him, he spoke the first line:

"The sea is purple. Have you, too, noticed it?"

Whereupon the voice of the young man in the balcony responded, "I don't know about the young lady downstairs, but I can see it very plainly."—Harper's Weekly.

The Origin of Don Quixote.

The object of Cervantes in writing "Don Quixote" was, as he himself declares, to root out the disorder of men the false and absurd stories contained in the books of chivalry. The fanaticism caused by these romances was a serious evil in Spain in the sixteenth century, and to destroy a passion which had taken such deep root among all classes was a bold undertaking in which, however, Cervantes was successful. No books of chivalry were written after the appearance of "Don Quixote," and those then in existence steadily disappeared, so that they are now among the rarest of literary curiosities. This famous romance, which actually had power to destroy an entire province of literature, has now become the oldest specimen of romantic fiction and a most notable monument of genius, by which "Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away."

DIVERS' PARALYSIS.

This Disease Affects Those Who Work Under Water.

"Divers are subject to a peculiar malady, technically known as 'the bends,' from the fact that the victim of it walks in a bent position, something like a man who has been suddenly paralyzed in the act of [illegible] and you will recover. A case of diver's paralysis is on this [illegible]

"The diver's attendants on the coast of Cornwall and the Spanish coast of the Mediterranean, [illegible] best men for the most delicate and difficult [illegible] posed to be sensitive to the slightest changes from one pressure of the air to another than the divers themselves. They keep up for the diver [illegible]

"This peculiarity is quite helpless out of water it disappears [illegible] when it does appear it is [illegible] quite helpless out of water. [illegible] taken every precaution [illegible] away.

"To the uninitiated it seems [illegible] to the sponge diver's dress [illegible] pounds' worth of the best diver's [illegible] carried like infants. Helpless as babes they lie in a row on the decks in the sunshine till their turn comes to descend. Then in goes the pearl diver, his cardiac to the boat's edge. He sits there, his hands on his knees, as if lost in thought the [illegible] letting his breathing [illegible] pipe be [illegible] awkwardly into the water. And the instant he disappears all his agility returns to him, and as gaily as a boy would dive five feet after a white stone he dives over a hundred feet after the hidden pearls.

"What the paralyzed sponge diver [illegible] is the same story. Only, should he [illegible] a heavy stone in his arms to bear him down to the bottom, he must be carried to the boat's side and dropped overboddy.

"These peculiarities are like fish—awkward, helpless, flopping hideously about the deck, but the moment you toss them overboard away they dart, quick, graceful, dolphin-like."—New York Herald.

ETIQUETTE AMONG PEERS.

Rules Laid Down to Preserve the Dignity of Their Chamber.

Best of all, during one respect to their own the peers suffer no disrespect to the stately gilded chamber in which they are never tempted to [illegible] session, nor but members are allowed to be covered there. Not even the eldest son of any peer may wear his hat in the room. Neither is any person to stay there, nor any attendant on any nobleman but while he brings in his lord, and then he is to retire himself.

In 1703 official notice was taken of the fact that of late the doorkeepers have frequently presumed to come within the doors when the house is sitting, and it was therefore ordered that for the future this liberty be forbidden. Another point in which the peers are scrupulous to preserve their dignity is revealed in the standing order with reference to conferences between the two houses.

It sets forth that "the place of our meeting with the lower house upon conference is usually the painted chamber, where they are commonly before we come and expect our leisure. We are to come thither in a whole body and not some lords scattering before the rest, which both takes from the gravity of the lords and possibly may hinder the lords from taking their proper places. We are to sit there and be covered, but they are not at any committee or conference either to be covered or sit down in our presence unless it be some infirm person and that by connivance in a corner out of sight, to sit but not to be covered."

Although never rescinded, this regulation is now practically obsolete.—Chambers' Journal.

Trick of the Drug Trade.

"Never ask for the copy of a prescription at the time you buy the medicine," said the dyspeptic looking man. "In nine out of ten drug stores they will tack 10 or 15 cents to the regular price of the medicine if you do. That of course is contrary to professional etiquette. Druggists are not supposed to charge extra for furnishing a copy of a prescription. If you will wait a few days and ask for it, unaccompanied by a bottle of medicine, they won't have the nerve to do it, but when the two are prepared together they can gain some compensation for their extra work and the loss of a possible customer without anybody being the wiser."—New York Press.

Are Large Houses Vulgar?

Are large houses vulgar? Certainly a parvenu who should build himself a house the size of Chatsworth or Raby would be vulgar, as lacking a sense of proportion in a matter of taste. The inheritors of such places are of course not vulgar to live in them, though they are sometimes most unfortunate. Enormous houses survive the time of necessary retainers and a warlike state. They are useless for all modern purposes except display; pathetic, then, when old, they are certainly vulgar when new.—G. S. Street in London Outlook.

The First Business Woman.

We don't generally associate the Bible with business matters, but if you were told to name the first business woman mentioned in the Bible what would you say?

It was Pharaoh's daughter, because she took a prophet out of water.—New York Times.

There should be as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as a man for his prosperity, both being equally subject to change.—Pope.

THE FRIVOLOUS Miss Bell

By [illegible] and [illegible] FENTON

Copyright, 1898, by [illegible]

[illegible] pool of the [illegible] at the [illegible] under [illegible] book.

[illegible] quiet, that [illegible] rose her rising [illegible] lives in [illegible] Miss Bell's infantile [illegible] manner, but she is a frivolous looking young woman. To me she seems to be an impossible high school teacher. Her name is Daisy Bell. In the faculty would almost have to be.

He glanced around and caught the covert amusement of his mates; his long young face set in stern disapproval. To Professor Leigh life was real and earnest.

He writhed under the frivolity and inanity of those latter days. The lightness and love of display shown by the majority of his feminine acquaintances annoyed him. Women were sadly degenerating, in his opinion, and he was only thirty-two years old.

"I know," he said stiffly, "my objection is unusual, but the girls of the high school run to too much frivolity themselves. Their teachers should be of another type, if there is any. They even have a way of wearing their hair in a sort of braid over their faces so that in profile you can barely see the tips of their noses. That Miss Bell wears hers very much the same way."

The board relaxed decidedly. Professor Leigh regarded them in stern perplexity.

"I confess," the chairman remarked, "that we have not particularly considered Miss Bell's appearance. She graduated last year with unusual Latin recommendations. As for her ability as a teacher, the work in room 7 of the Oak street school is not easy, and she has succeeded there. Of course if she is not satisfactory, professor, other arrangements can be made for next year."

The professor arose. "My objections to Miss Bell," he said, "are of course theoretical." He smiled a smile of such supreme confidence and good fellowship that it was easy to understand his hold on the high school in spite of his priggishness. "And if you say try her I shall do it with confidence in your judgment."

Which was not quite true, for every day his soul arose in disapproval against Miss Daisy Bell. What could there be in a girl with such a pink and white face, fluffy wound with such a mop of yellow hair and such an impression of frills and fancy things all about her? He trembled, too, for her influence in the school. The girls seemed so infatuated with her. How could she teach Latin? It was almost against natural law.

Miss Bell grew red and white under his scrutiny in the Latin class, for he came in frequently during the first month's recitations.

At last he was obliged to admit that she could teach Latin fairly well, but he resented it. He hated inconstancy.

She gratefully became the trial of his life, and he always tried to make her as inconspicuous as possible. During the annual visitation of teachers he skillfully steered them away from Miss Daisy's classes. She was a blot on the dignity and high standing of his beloved school. It would shake the confidence of any sensible person to see a girl like that on the staff of teachers.

As for Miss Daisy, she tried her best to please the stern young man. She didn't have any trouble with her classes. The girls were obedient and the boys were gentlemen.

But she could not understand Professor Leigh. She curled her hair in its prettiest fashion and worked her hardest in school, but she could not melt his unconquering disapproval. She trembled for her position the following year. It meant bread and butter and paying what she owed for her course at the university.

In view of this contingency her present bread and butter was of the cheapest, and she turned and pressed and darned her frivolous little frocks and stuck a bow here and trimmed in a lace frill there to hide the bad spots that the bright spring sunshine was making so apparent.

It was nearly 9 o'clock one evening when Miss Daisy discovered that by some mischance she had overlooked part of her Latin examination papers. They had to be graded that night, so she threw a little shawl over her shoulders. "I will have to go over after them," she murmured. She ran across the street to the dark, silent building.

The hall looked terribly big and dark, and she fairly flew up the stairs into the Latin recitation room. She lighted several matches and finally succeeded in finding the missing papers. The shadows piled menacingly in the corners, and she was sure she heard a noise somewhere in the building.

She fled in a little panic from the room to the stairs. Halfway down she saw some one advancing toward her from the gloom below. She gave a little shriek, then slipped and fell headlong. She heard a smothered exclamation; then some one caught her firmly. Faint with terror, she tried to regain her feet.

"There, little one, there. Don't be frightened, dear," a voice entreated—Professor Leigh's voice.

In her relief and the revulsion she clung to him like a frightened child and sobbed.

He held her closer, his face pressed against hers. "Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

Then, after a minute, his clasp relaxed, and she slipped quickly away from him.

"I had [illegible] was you," she said in a small voice.

"I tried to tell you," he answered softly.

Another moment of silence followed; then the girl sped down the hall and out of the open door.

The professor locked the door, the janitor and passed his hand over his eyes.

A new heaven and a new earth had opened up before him.

He knew now that all his disapproval and condemnation had been a shield against himself, not her. He dared not think now of the stories he had heard of her gallant fight for her university education, how hard she had worked, and how he had persecuted her poor little thing. And all because he was afraid of himself. What a narrow minded bully he was anyway—and now?

He could not answer that. He went out into the spring night slowly with bent head. He had forgotten utterly the errand that sent him to the school house. He even forgot to lock the door.

A very erect, pink cheeked little assistant Latin teacher and a very self conscious professor came into the assembly room the next morning. Both the professor and Miss Daisy were in a rather bewildered state of mind.

Miss Daisy shed no more tears of severe over her endangered position. In fact, a little smile was more apt to come. Whenever the professor's eyes met hers there was a look in them that set the red flaming into her cheeks. Possibly he could call any one "dear" when she fell unexpectedly into his arms, but she did not believe it.

So she dreamed those last few spring weeks, while the professor walked miles in his sleep.

On the night of commencement they found themselves face to face in a dark little lobby behind the opera house stage.

The professor barred her way. "Miss Daisy," he said entreatingly, "you are going to the country, are you not? May I come out to see you next week?"

"Yes," she answered softly, extending a small hand. "Goodby," she half whispered.

He took her hand. "Goodby," he said. "Goodby," he repeated. Then he suddenly stooped and kissed her.

"Forgive me," he cried in the depth of contrition, but still holding her fast. "I love you so. You must know it."

"If I do it is pretty nearly telepathy," she murmured.

When the chairman of the board of education asked Professor Leigh if he still had any objection to Miss Bell he actually blushed, because the frivolous woman had issued an ultimatum that she would teach until her debts were paid, and his objections from being theoretical had become entirely personal. Still they were not of a nature to be confided to the chairman, so he remarked half heartily that she was a very good teacher and if she wanted the position she could hardly be refused it.

A moment later one of his friskiest juniors thrust her pompadoured little head in the door, then withdrew in confusion at the sight of the chairman, and he smiled quite a benevolent smile after her. The professor was beginning to take a different view of the world and things pertaining to it—things feminine in particular.

The Earliest Surnames.

The earliest surnames were probably those bestowed by the Romans and Greeks, though it may be said that the Jews of a still earlier date had surnames to some extent. In most cases, however, the surnames of the Hebrews were tribal and not permanent, as are those of today. The very earliest surnames in the modern sense of that term date from the middle ages, when nobles were known by the name of their domains and common people by the name of their dwelling places. A great many surnames were bestowed on account of personal peculiarities, such as Long, Short, Stout, Stoop, Small, etc., others on account of trade, such as Saddler, Smith, Baker, Weaver, Fowler, Gardner, etc. A third class took names from the places where they resided. Examples in this class are John Hill and John Underhill, the first John living on the hill and the second in the little valley under the bluff. There were few, if any, surnames in England prior to the time of the Norman conquest, and in Ireland they did not become common until 1465. The German Jews did not use surnames until about 1825.

Laura's Lover.

Petrarch, the great Italian poet, who lived from 1304 to 1374, met Laura, the golden haired French beauty, on April 6, 1327, in the Church of St. Clara, in Avignon, and fell at once deeply and permanently in love with her. She was then nineteen years old and the wife of Hugues de Sade. For ten years Petrarch lived near her in the papal city and met her frequently in church and in society. It was then that he sang the praises of her charm and loveliness in those sonnets which are so eloquent of his devotion. Laura was not insensible to a worship such as had made the Emperor Charles IV. beg to be allowed to kiss her forehead, but she kept the passionate poet at a proper distance and rebuked him sternly on the only occasion on which he ventured to avow his love. After her death he withdrew from Avignon and ended his days in Italy.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE.

Science Story of How the Sewing Machine Riddle Was Solved.

Ella Howe always declared that before he discovered where the eye of the needle of a sewing machine should be pierced His method was to follow the model of the old hand needle and drive the eye at the point. It never occurred to him that it should be [illegible] the point and he might [illegible] called it he had not [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE MODERN NEWTON

HENRY CAVENDISH, THE SCIENTIST, AND HIS ACHIEVEMENTS.

The Man Who Weighed the World Was One of the Shiest of Mortals, Had an Intense Hatred For Women and a Contempt For Wealth.

Henry Cavendish, the great English scientist, was one of the shest of men. So far as we have any record, he was only ill once in his life, and that illness killed him at the respectable age of seventy-nine.

He told his physician that "any prolongation of life would only prolong his miseries," and he died, as he had lived, alone. For the ordinary human relations of life he seemed to care nothing; he was absorbed in his experiments and loved his books and his laboratory more than anything else on earth. Henry Cavendish, who has been called "the modern Newton," was born in 1731, only four years after Newton's death. He was educated at a private school at Hackney, from which he passed to Peterhouse, Cambridge, which he left three years later without a degree. Thereafter he was a man of science, devoting his whole life to experimental philosophy.

"The man who weighed the world," wrote Henry Cavendish's cousin, the late Duke of Devonshire, "buried his science and his wealth in solitude at Clapham." His science, however, he did not bury, for he published to the world certain facts which placed him in the first rank of experimental philosophers. It was he who converted oxygen and hydrogen into water and proved that it consists of these gases; it was he who first stated the difference between animal and common electricity, and it was he who, by a course of ingenious experiments, weighed the world.

Cavendish had no vanity. He cared for no one's praise, avoided society and was, as one must suppose, an unhappy man. For money he cared little. Up to his fortieth year he was comparatively poor, probably having an annual income of no more than £500, but in 1773 an uncle died who left him an enormous fortune. Of that he spent very little. He was one of those rare men who have no idea of the value of money. His personal needs were very simple, and the fact that he was rich never seems to have struck him as a matter of interest.

Cavendish had two houses, one on Clapham common and another near the British museum, at the corner of Gower street and Montague place. He had few visitors, but his library was at the service of any one who cared to use it, yet, so anxious was he to be undisturbed, that he hired a house in Down street in which to accommodate his books and paid a librarian to look after them. When he wanted to refer to his books, he went around as though to a circulating library and left a receipt for whatever he took away, an admirable idea, which should be encouraged nowadays.

His house at Clapham was practically a workshop. The upper rooms were converted into an observatory, the drawing room Cavendish had no use for drawing-rooms—was a laboratory, and in an anteroom he had fixed up a forge. On the lawn he erected a stage, which enabled him to reach the top of a large tree, on which secure and isolated perch he could be absolutely alone with his thoughts.

As a last one gathers that this strange being was hardly a success. The very few people who were admitted to his table were always given the same fare—a leg of mutton. On one occasion four scientific men were to dine with him. When his housekeeper consulted him as to what she was to give them to eat, he said a leg of mutton. "Sir," said the good soul, "that will not be enough for five." "Well, then, get two," he replied. And this man, who was content to eat mutton everlastingly, had no sense of beauty. He cared for nothing beyond his own work. His biographer, Dr. George Wilson, said of him:

"There was nothing earnest, enthusiastic, heroic or chivalrous in the nature of Cavendish, and as little was there anything mean, groveling or ignoble. He was almost passionless. All that needed for its apprehension more than pure intellect or required the exercise of fancy, imagination, affection or faith was distasteful to Cavendish. An intellectual head, thinking, a pair of wonderful, acute eyes observing and a pair of very skillful hands experimenting or recording are all that I realize in reading his memorials."

He simply left his income to accumulate. One day his bankers, finding that they had a balance of £50,000 to his credit, sent up a messenger to consult him about it. Cavendish was extremely perturbed, but he consented to see the messenger. "What do you come here for?" he asked. "What do you want with me?"

"Sir, I thought it proper to wait upon you, as we have a very large balance in hand of yours, and we wish your orders respecting it."

"If it is any trouble to you I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me!"

"Not the least trouble to us, sir; not the least, but we thought you might like some of it to be invested."

"Well, well, what do you want to do?"

"Perhaps you would like £40,000 invested."

"Do so; do so! And don't come here to trouble me or I'll remove it."

He was essentially a shy man, to whom it was even difficult to speak. Dr. Wollaston said: "The way to talk to Cavendish is never to look at him, but to talk, as it were, into vacancy, and then, it is not unlikely you may set him going." And Professor Playfair, who was a frequent visitor to the Royal Society club, said: "Mr. Cavendish is a member of this meeting. He is of an awkward appearance and has not much the look of a man of rank. He speaks likewise with great difficulty and hesitation and very seldom. But the gleams of genius break often through this unpromising exterior. He never speaks at all but it is exceedingly to the purpose and either brings some excellent information or draws some important conclusion."

Cavendish's shyness amounted almost to a disease. He shrank from speech with strangers, and if he were approached abruptly he would dart away with a cry like a scared animal. At such entertainments as he attended he would often stand on the landing, afraid to face the company on the other side of the door, nor would he open it until the approach of some one from behind drove him forward.

On one occasion at a party at Sir Joseph Banks' house a certain Dr. Ingenhousz took upon himself to praise Cavendish to his face in a high-flown and pompous manner by way of introduction to an Austrian gentleman who was present. The Austrian promptly took the clew, loaded the unfortunate philosopher with compliments and assured him that he had come to London mainly to meet him. Cavendish stood, with downcast eyes in abject misery, speaking never a word. Then he saw an opening in the crush, flew to the door, jumped into his carriage and drove home at full speed.

Women he hated. His usual method of communication with his housekeeper was by means of notes left on the hall table, and if any female servant came into his presence she was instantly dismissed. To guard against chance meetings with his household he had a second staircase erected in his Clapham villa. Lord Brougham remembered "the shrill cry he uttered as he shuffled quickly from room to room, seeming to be annoyed if looked at, but sometimes approaching to hear what was passing among others."

This extraordinary man left a fortune of £1,750,000. His heir, Lord George Cavendish, was only permitted to see him once a year, and then for no longer than half an hour. He never changed the fashion of his dress, a fact which naturally drew the attention to him which he was so anxious to avoid. He was indeed a man of pure science, in whose constitution there seemed no room for human kindness.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Soft, Droppy, Clashy.

It is customary for wayfarers in Cumberland to address passing remarks to one another on the subject of the weather, and the dialect is rich in terms denoting the various conditions of the atmosphere. The usual salutation, "It's a fine day," evokes the reply, "Aye, it will, but A doubt we'll have a spy of rain afore neet, because A looked at the glass and A seed she'r slipped a bit." When the weather is wet it is said to be "saft," when showery it is "droppy," when windy it is "blowy," when wet and windy it is "clashy" or "slashy." If drizzly, it is described as "daggy," if rough weather, it is "coarse," if muddy, "clarty," if dry, "drofty," if misty, "rowky," if slippery, "slape."

At certain times of the year a very violent wind rushes down from the top of Cross fell. It is locally known as the "helm wind"—that is, the whelm-whirl or whirlwind—and during the time it prevails the weather is said to be "helmy." When it shows signs of impending change, an opinion is expressed that it is going to take up or "going to cast and frost." A fall of snow is termed a "storm," and when it settles fast upon the ground a "feeding storm."—London Express.

What Food Economy Means.

Economy in food does not imply prohibition. It is neither vegetarianism, fruitarianism, nutarianism nor any kind of "ism." It means simply temperance in diet, with the application of available scientific knowledge; the use of reason and intelligence, combined with a due appreciation of the dignity of the body and the necessity of meeting the daily wants without imperiling that high degree of efficiency which helps to render man physically and mentally supreme. Practically this implies the avoidance of the large quantities of proteid food so commonly made use of by civilized man, with the substitution of a dietary characterized by a predominance of the lighter vegetable foods. In this respect it leans somewhat toward vegetarianism. The heavier items of our daily diet can be advantageously replaced in part by lighter articles of diet less rich in proteid and with more frequent addition of green vegetables, fruits and corresponding articles of food less prone to yield objectionable decomposition products.—Russell H. Chittenden in Century.

A Knotty Problem.

She was a fair passenger in search of information, and the captain was naturally only too willing to gratify her. He had explained that the action of the propeller forced the ship through the water and added as a further item of information:

"We made twenty knots an hour last night, miss."

"Did you really?" said the sweet girl. "And whatever did you do with them all?"

The captain went red and his eyes dilated.

"Threw them overboard," he said shortly.

"Fancy!" she said. "Now, do you know, I always understood that you captains made the poor, dear sailors untie those knots the next day."

Then the skipper hurried away with a groan, plunging his head in a pail of cool water and kicking the cabin boy nightly.

Discrimination.

Mrs. Hauskeep—My servant girl doesn't know very much; she's equally careless with the fine china and the common.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—My girl shows considerable intelligence.

Mrs. Hauskeep—Yes?

Mrs. Hiram Offen—Yes; she's most careless with the fine china.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Real Progress.

"How is father getting on with his riding lessons?"

"Very well. We children are allowed to watch him now."—Tales From Fliegende Blatter.

DIETARY STANDARDS.

What Observation Indicates to Be the Average Man's Daily Food Need.

Accepting the daily dietary standards which are based upon observations as to what people are accustomed to consume, it is plain that the average man doing from light to moderate muscular work must take each day approximately 116 grams of proteid matter (18 grams of nitrogen), with sufficient fat and carbohydrate to yield a total fuel value of 3,050 large calories. The usual proportion of carbohydrate (mostly starch) food is about 500 grams to 50-60 grams of fat. In other words, the average man needs, according to the above hypothesis, approximately 120 grams of proteid, 500 grams of carbohydrate and 60 grams of fat for his daily ration. In order to obtain these amounts of nutrients he would require per day three-fourths of a pound of ordinary roast beef, one pound of boiled potato, one-half pound of white bread and one-fourth of a pound of butter. Naturally much greater variety of food might be adopted with the same nutritive values as the above, but these figures will suffice to give some impression of the quantities of ordinary cooked foodstuffs required to yield the nitrogen and the total fuel value called for by the above standard dietary.

A more elaborate diet, one in large measure free from meat and having essentially the same content of nitrogen and with a total fuel value of approximately 3,000 calories, would be as follows: Fried hominy, six ounces; sirup, three ounces; baked potato, eight ounces; butter, one and one-half ounces; baked spaghetti, ten ounces; mashed potato, ten ounces; boiled turnip, six ounces; bread, two ounces; apple sauce, eight ounces; apple tapioca pudding, twelve ounces; fried sweet potato, eight ounces; fried bacon, one ounce; fruit jam, four ounces; coffee, one and one-half pints, and tea, three-fourths of a pint. Such a diet, owing to its vegetable nature and lack of concentration, is naturally quite voluminous. A greater concentration of diet is easily obtained by replacement of a portion of the vegetable matter by meat, and this the ordinary man, with his highly developed palate, usually prefers to do because of the increased flavor which his acquired taste demands for. Further, the resources at the command of the civilized man render possible great variety in matters of diet, but whatever the character of the daily food or however great the number and variety of the ingredients it will be found that the nitrogen content and fuel value of the daily food of mankind will in general correspond in large measure to the dietary standards usually adopted throughout the civilized world.—Russell H. Chittenden in Century.

DON'T GET RUSTY.

Keep Your Moral, Mental and Physical Machinery Working.

The machine that does little is far more liable to injury than the machine that runs.

Air and dampness do more damage than wear and tear. Let the machine remain inactive awhile, and the coating formed by the corrosion soon covers the bright metal and the parts become stiff and cranky.

A man neglects the working parts of his body. Normally these parts should be exercised. He indulges his members in idleness. Whatever vitality and working force they may have had when in continued use, neglect causes the machinery to run stiffly. It is the rust.

A man may neglect to exercise his working brain forces. He may have ever so quick a mind, but if he does not use his mental machinery the rust of idleness is soon over it.

A man may neglect to use the moral forces that are in him. There is a weakening somewhere. The machine lets down. And soon the parts are rusted.

When the primary or the convention or the ballot box, working parts of government, are neglected the rust collects. The machinery works poorly. It may break down.

Keep your body working without friction by systematic exercise.

Keep your mind bright by using it.

Keep your soul clean by working it.

And so for society nine-tenths of its evils are caused by the illness of its necessary working parts.—Chicago Journal.

A Shoe That Altered History.

After the fall of Anne Boleyn the pope prepared overtures of reconciliation so favorable to King Henry VIII. that he determined to accept them. A representative was sent from Rome with the dispatches, and when within a day's journey from Calais his horse cast a shoe and fell lame. As it was a favorite, the messenger determined to wait a day that the poor animal might rest and recover. Next day the journey was resumed, but on the day that London was reached Henry had been married to Jane Seymour, a Protestant. Anne had been beheaded, and all hope of reconciliation with the papacy was at an end. The cast shoe had thus changed the bent of English church history.

Still in the Nobility.

Neighbor—How did your daughter's marriage with that count turn out? Mrs. Brickrow—Her last letter states that he has spent all her money, and she is taking in washing; but, then, I presume, she washes only for the nobility.

Zigzag Heredity.

"Whom do your two little boys resemble, Mrs. Flitter?"

"Well, the homely boy looks like his father and acts like me, and the pretty one looks like me and acts like his father."—Life.

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CONSUMPTION

No Confederate Supreme Court.

"It is curious to look back upon the [illegible] that while [illegible] every [illegible] of authorities [illegible] to read.

"It was in secret session after this very topic in the Confederate senate that the personal encounter between Ben Hill of Georgia and William L. Yancey of Alabama occurred. The senate was in executive session. The Georgia senator was speaking in favor of the creation of a court of last resort, whose powers should in a way be limited. Yancey looked on this idea with disfavor, and during the course of Hill's remarks he interrupted with the insulting statement that Hill had given utterance to a lie. No sooner had he used the offensive word than Hill, picking up an inkstand, hurled it with great force at his defamer. The glass struck Yancey over the eye, inflicting a severe wound, but doing him no permanent injury, although stories were long current that the blow finally caused his death."—Washington Post.

Of the Same Race.

The strongest minded woman must face the fact that she is of the same race as man.—London Globe.

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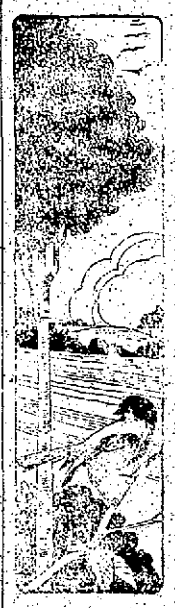
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Notice of Administration.

In the estate of Z. T. Carl, deceased. Letters of administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of Z. T. Carl, late of Keating township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Sheridan Gorton, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.
SHERIDAN GORTON, Administrator.
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 19, 1906.

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